

Liberty
APRIL 25, 1942 10¢



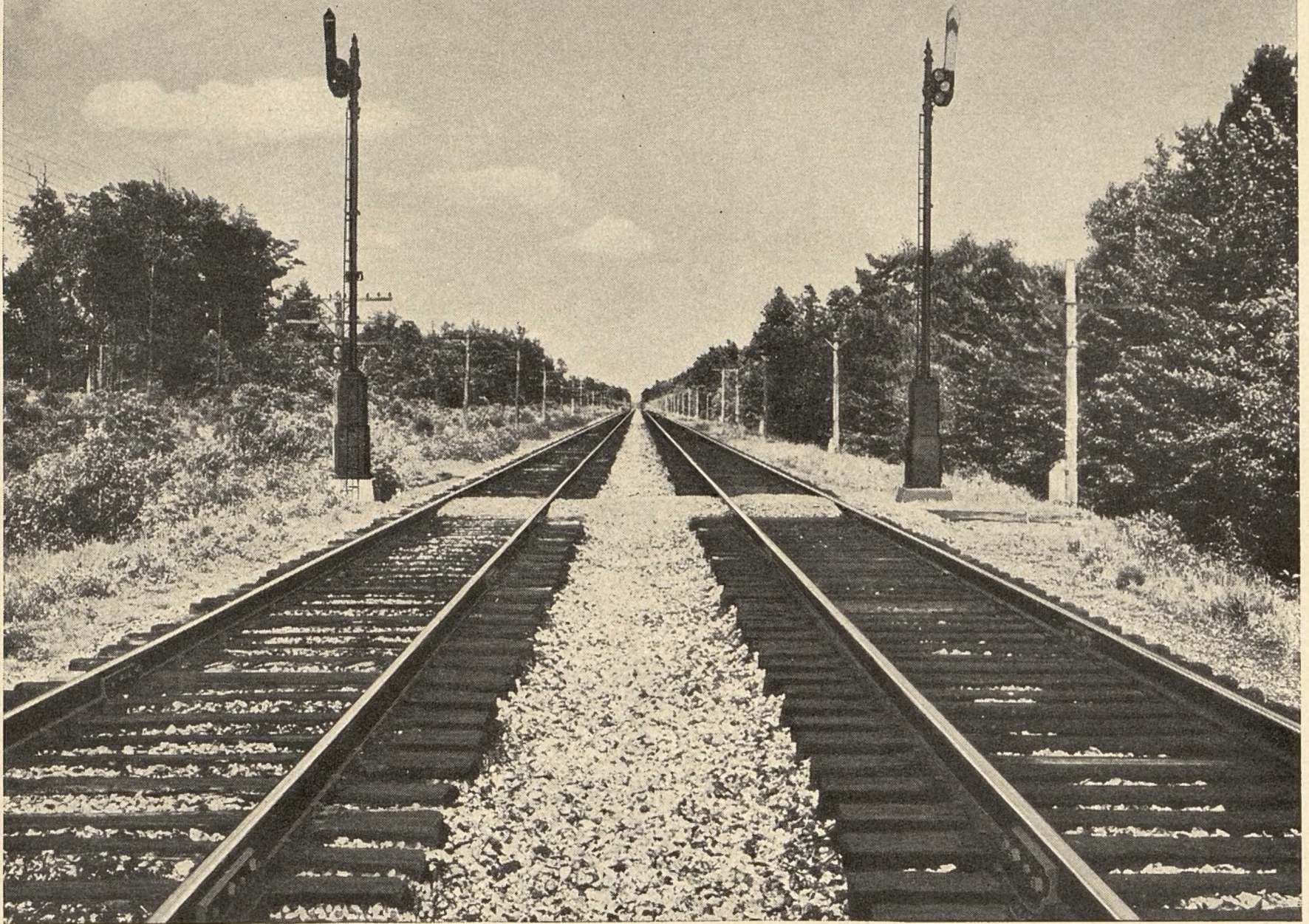
BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

MCCLELLAN
BARCE
U.S.

HITLER'S NO. 1 HEADACHE

The Story of Draja Mihailovitch - - Fighter for Freedom

"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U.S.A."

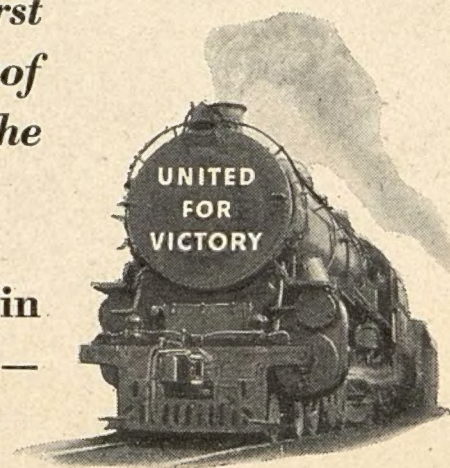


UNCLE SAM gets the green light on the railroads today. We're sure you'd want it that way—for America has a war to fight all over the world, and a job at home to produce and deliver in overwhelming volume the things fighting men need. *These come first among the million tons of freight moved a mile on the rails every minute.*

The railroads are united in working with each other — with industry and farmers

—with the government—to keep America's great war program rolling.

Whether the job calls for passenger equipment or freight—whether it's one of moving troops by the hundreds of thousands, moving raw materials or finished fighting machines — every railroad man knows that the first rule today is, "Right of Way for the U. S. A."



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BILL BLUE GETS A TIRE TIP

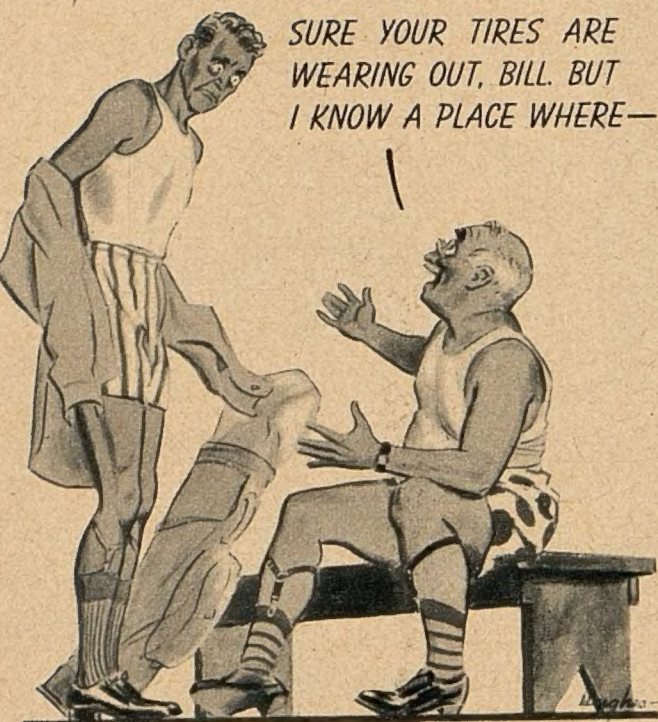
that will keep his tires running months longer!

IDEA

SURE YOUR TIRES ARE WEARING OUT, BILL. BUT I KNOW A PLACE WHERE—

NO FOOLING, THEY'VE A SCIENTIFIC PLAN FOR STRETCHING TIRE MILEAGE THAT'S A WONDER!

DOES IT WORK? SAY, I'D BE THUMBING RIDES RIGHT NOW IF I HADN'T GOT WISE.



NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'D GET AN EXTRA 7,000 MILES OUT OF MY TIRES.

THEY DON'T TELL YOU WHAT TO DO—THEIR EXPERTS DO IT FOR YOU.

YOU JUST TAKE OUT THIS GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY AND YOU'RE ALL SET!



BETTER GET YOUR GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY TODAY BEFORE YOUR TIRES ARE "GONE"—IT CAN ADD THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES' LIFE TO YOUR PASSENGER CAR OR TRUCK CASINGS!

3 tips for Certified Tire Buyers

TO GET the longest-wearing tires, get Goodyears — world's first choice for a quarter-century.

DON'T GET ordinary tubes, get Life-Guards — they insure maximum tire-life and prevent damage after punctures, enabling you to come to a smooth, safe stop.

WHEN RETREADING — Goodyear dealers have facilities for handling passenger and truck tires by factory methods that give a better, safer job.

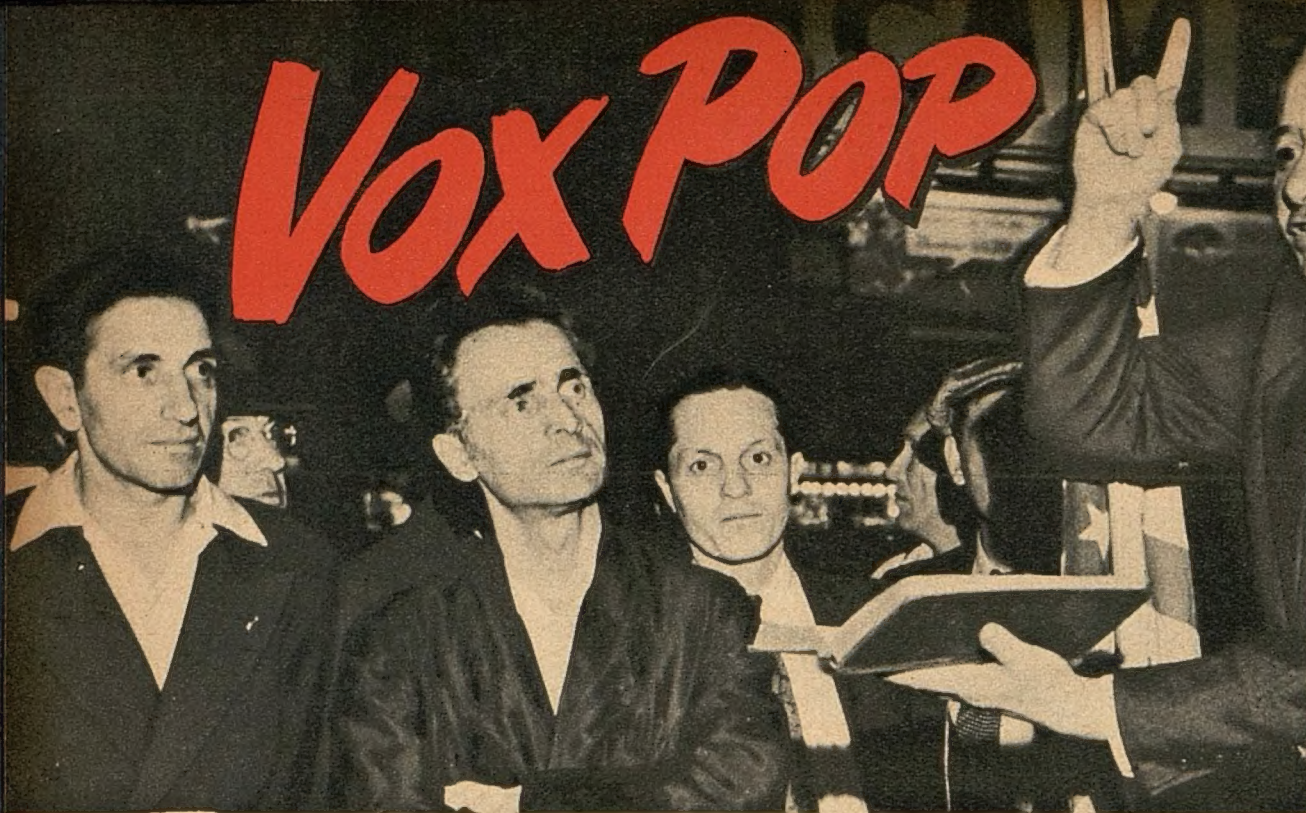
HELP SAVE RUBBER FOR THE NATION
visit the

GOOD YEAR

TIRE-LIFE
EXTENSION
STATION



Vox POP

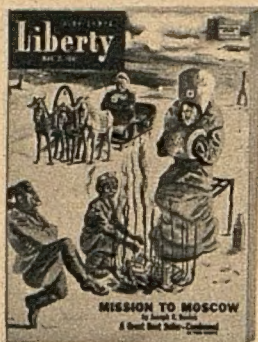


"Voice of the People"

MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD COVER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—While buying a newspaper today, my eye caught an extraordinary picture on the March 21 Liberty. It told a story in one glance, and the more I looked at it the funnier it seemed. Of course, I immediately purchased a copy.

I was delighted to find a condensed part of Mission to Moscow, which book I wanted to read. I trust you will continue telling stories not only inside but also on the covers of your fine magazine.—Roy L. Ellis.



CLEVELAND, OHIO—The cover of March 21 Liberty has me positively fascinated, but for the life of me I cannot figure how come Mussolini is putting on the big dance, apparently oblivious to the cold, while the little yellow devil Goebbels shivers with terror. Göring, as always, is smug and self-sufficient, and Hitler, with good cause, looks extremely worried. But I still can't tie it all up together.—Mrs. C. R. Smith.

Looks as if Benito didn't feel quite sure enough of his welcome at the fireside to draw near enough to keep warm, so he has to dance.—VOX POP ED.

DENTON, TEX.—Boy, oh boy, what a cover! Know what I did? I bought six copies; I have a husband in camp (he *mustn't* miss it), a kid brother in school, and a friend (yes, my friend in spite of his wrong-headedness) who still thinks little Adolf is a Great Thinker. . . . Six copies. I suppose the others are for my posterity!

I made such a roar in the drugstore that they practically sold out on the spot.—Mrs. M. R. Hudspeth.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT THIS JOB WE HAVE TO DO

DELANO, CALIF.—I have read a lot about how we can boost the morale of our boys in service. Well, suppose we cut out the politics and graft in production and labor. We can at least show them we're not trying to get rich from their blood. This is no time for high profits.—C. L. Conner.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—We may lose this war. If we do, there are two factors responsible: 1. Labor leaders and their "labor progress as usual" attitude. 2. Political giants who insist on running the war. France died from these two parasites. Shall we? God forbid! Wake up, America!—A Veteran.

POCKET BIOGRAPHY OF A LIBERTY AUTHOR

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The remarkable accuracy with which Carl Crow, frequently a contributor to Liberty, writes, is no more remarkable than is the early history of this brilliant journalist. Forty years ago Crow, a printer's devil on a small-town newspaper, threw down a stick of type and said, "I am going to Columbia and study journalism." Working his way through in four years, he headed for China, where he and two others published one of the first English newspapers. Crow hitchhiked with his clothes tied in a handkerchief. The way of great Americans.—R. J. Hubbard.



TIME FOR ANOTHER SLOGAN? HOW'S THIS?

AUBURN, CALIF.—In re suggestion in a recent Liberty as to a war slogan, why not make it a contest? Here's mine: Ax the Axis!—M. N. Titus.

MOM, GOT TIME TO SHORTEN THE LEGS OF POP'S PANTS?

NORTONVILLE, KY.—In regard to your letter from Uncle Wes in March 21 Liberty saying that all each man needs is a pair of overalls and a smile, Uncle Wes is right. There are more important things than clothes right now. I'll go you one better, Uncle Wes. I'll wear shorts this summer. Our fighting men need plenty of materials; let's see that they get them.—Nephew Jim.



BILL THANKS YOU AND WE PROMISE MORE

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Bill Cunningham's article in March 28 Liberty inspired me beyond words. It stood out as really fine. Let's have more of his stuff.—G. W. Bowers.

WHAT A LIBERTY EDITORIAL DID TO ONE YOUNG MAN

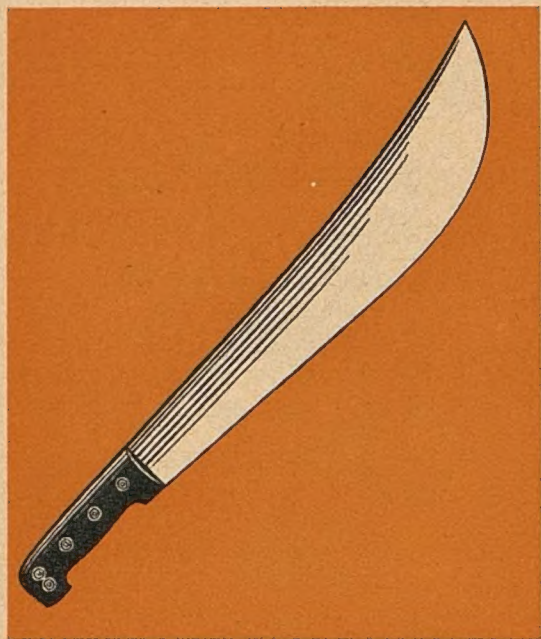
KEY WEST, FLA.—Just about a year ago I volunteered into the Army of the United States. At the time I knew, or at least had a pretty good idea, what I was getting into. But as time went on most of these ideas quietly but rapidly disappeared, and the next thing I knew, I was just another New York selectee going through the paces as a matter of routine.

There is no doubt in my mind whatever but that I would still be taking things easy, not caring either way what was to come next, if I hadn't read Just Who Is Uncle Sam? in March 21 Liberty. It brought back to me all the spirit, ambition, and lust for liberty which a short year ago enabled me to leave my job and join the armed forces of the United States. Once again I can realize my course and know the job ahead of me.

For all this I thank you, and assure you that I will not let myself forget again.

I have cut that page out and posted it on my company bulletin board for the rest of the boys to read. I wish you could reproduce this page and send it to the many army, navy, and marine posts throughout the country, and the thousands of defense plants, so that they too may be reminded Just Who Is Uncle Sam.—P. F. C. Martin C. Fox.

Know your M's



1. This is a M-----



2. This is a M--



3. This is a M-----



4. This is a M---



5. This is a M-----



6. This is M----- & M-----

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Machete*; 2, *Mug*; 3, *Matador*; 4, *Moth*; 5, *Melodeon*; 6, *Mattingly & Moore*, the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore*.

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for *M & M* is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

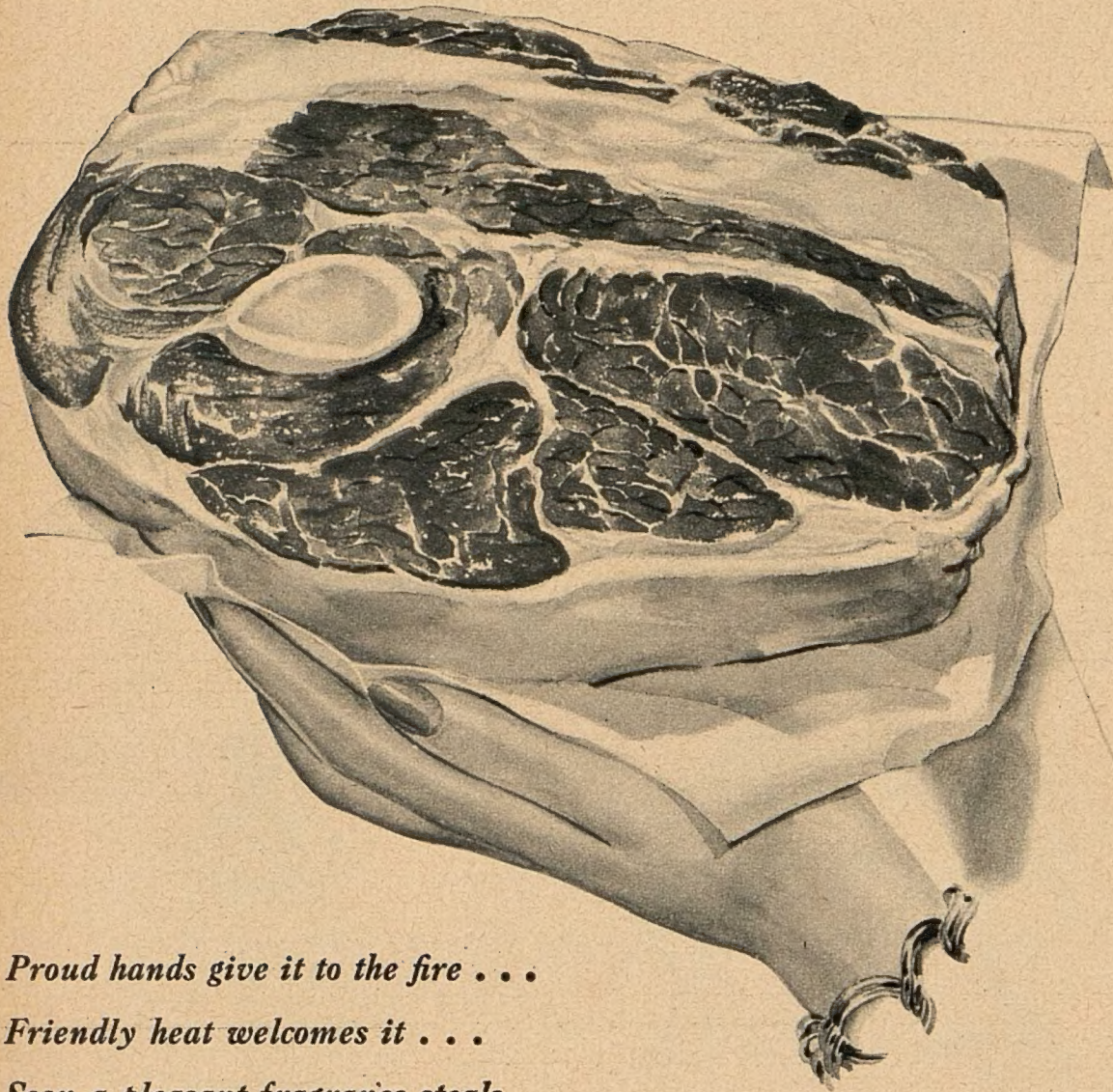
—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

The Best of 'em is

M & M

What is MEAT made of?



Proud hands give it to the fire . . .

Friendly heat welcomes it . . .

*Soon a pleasant fragrance steals
through the kitchen . . .*

*By some happy magic that meat turns
into a golden, glistening thing of
appetizing beauty*

Underneath the sizzle and savor and
satisfaction

—*what is meat really made of?*

—*why is meat recommended along with
milk, bread, fruits and vegetables as
part of the government's great health-
for-victory program?*

★ ★ ★

Meat is one of the few foods which
contain *complete, high quality proteins*
needed for tissue building and repair.

Meat is a good natural source of B
vitamins so important to health and
well-being—thiamine (vitamin B₁),
riboflavin (vitamin G or B₂) and the
B complex factor needed in the pre-
vention of pellagra.

Meat contains iron and copper es-

sential to good red blood, and is rich
in phosphorus, another dietary es-
sential.

(Remember, these essentials—pro-
teins, B vitamins, minerals—are not
stored in the body to any appreciable
extent—they must be supplied daily
in the foods you eat.)

Do our men in service eat meat?
They do—two and three times per
day. In fact, more than 300 pounds
per man is the yearly ration of meat
in the American army and navy.

Send for new 48-page purse-size
handbook of thriftier cuts of meat—
what to ask for, how to prepare them.
A buying and cooking guide to more
than 80 thrifty cuts. Just send 5 cents
in coin to Dept. P.

*This Seal means that all statements
made in this advertisement are ac-
ceptable to the Council on Foods and
Nutrition of the American Medical
Association.*



AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • Chicago

THIS WEEK

April 25, 1942

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We Want to Fight!

Editorial 9

Frontier Town 34

This Man's War

Old Sarge 60

WORLD AFFAIRS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New Battleground—the Middle East

Lowell Thomas 26

The Commodore Knew His Japs

Fillmore Hyde 62

PEOPLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hitler's No. 1 Headache

Robert Low 10

Cripps—Britain's Man of the Hour—
Conclusion

Walter Duranty 21

The Man Who Invented Dive Bombing

Kenneth Brown Collings 29

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop 4

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Song Is You

Roy Lopez 14

A Lot to Learn

Gordon Ramsey 30

Enough Rope—Liberty's Short Short

Frank Richardson Pierce 36

Island of the Seven Devils—Part III

Corey Ford 52

SPORTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I'm No Slacker"

Ted Williams talks to
Bill Cunningham 47

STAGE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The New Funny Men of Broadway

George Jean Nathan 38

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hollywood's Mr. Cooper

Frederick L. Collins 18

Pictures You Ought to See

Howard Barnes 45

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 25

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Liberty's Book Tip

Donald Gordon 20

Last Week's Crossword Solution 51

Rain in the Face

Gerald McCann 61

Just Between Ourselves

The Editors 66

Crosswords 67

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AGER; R. A. FELDON, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; S. O.
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★ ★ ★ ★

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS
IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE
WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN
NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR
DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

COVER BY MC CLELLAND BARCLAY

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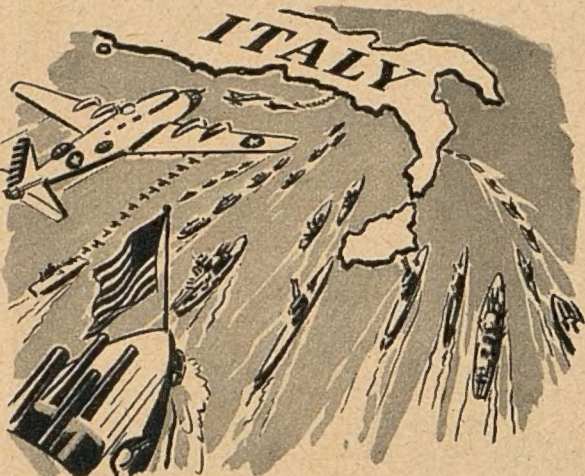
LIBERTY

NEXT WEEK

May 2, 1942

DEFENSE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR

is the title of what has turned out to be the most vital book of the year. Here, with uncommon candor, a United States Army officer on active duty—LIEUTENANT COLONEL W. F. KERNAN—discusses the strategy of how he thinks the Axis can best be licked, with the knowledge and authority of a professional soldier and at the same time with an arresting gift for



good writing of a popular kind. The result has been electrifying interest and acclaim throughout the country. Liberty gives you next week a generous condensation of this exciting book.

WINE OF FREEDOM

is the stirring title of a new series by MORRIS MARKEY. From secret communications smuggled out of various occupied countries in Europe, he has woven a chronicle, piteous and heart-warming and documented with revealing detail, of what really goes on under the conquerors' heel. The thirst for the wine of freedom, he finds, is still very much alive! This is reflected also in

THE CONQUEROR'S DAY

a distinguished story by WILLIAM C. WHITE. Here is a picture of resourceful courage and defiance in France which you won't soon forget. You will have more hope for humanity when you have read it.

HOLD THAT TIGER!

takes its readers away from war. Spring brings the circus—and TED SHANE brings you a captivating close-up of Alfred Court, lion tamer de luxe, the most unusual and picturesque figure of today's tanbark.

ALSO: JACK DEMPSEY writes of a Dancing Killer, the prize ring's current phenomenon, Ray Robinson . . . The WALT DISNEY studios record in hilarious pictures Donald Duck's Biggest Moments . . . More pictures tell the significant story of how a motor magnate's palatial home has been turned into a prep school for skippers . . . Fiction, features, fun round out the bill of fare.



**WALK!
WHO ME?**

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER, when your present car gives out you'll have to walk.

But here's a tip: You can help postpone that day by letting a Sinclair Dealer prolong the life of your car. Sinclair Dealers offer you a special Sinclair-ize service that does that very job!

Just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so can Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your car.

Ask your nearby Sinclair Dealer about this service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR

 TIRES	 BATTERY	 GEARS	 MOTOR	 FRONT WHEELS
 RADIATOR	 CHASSIS	 FAN BELT	 SPARK PLUGS	 OIL AND AIR FILTER

**SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR**

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY



A UNITED NATION

● The nation is united — and Long Distance telephone lines help to tie it together for war's work. . . . You can keep materials moving, wheels turning, men working — if you can reach any one, anywhere in the land, in a hurry. . . . It takes a *lot* of

telephone calls to build fighting planes, freighters or factories — to move men and machines around the map. . . . If the rush of war interferes here and there with the accustomed smoothness of regular Long Distance traffic, we hope you will understand.

SERVICE TO THE NATION



IN PEACE AND IN WAR

WE WANT TO FIGHT!

☆ THE word "complacency" has been given a good deal of free and easy employment of late. The American people have been called complacent by authorities ranging from poet Archibald MacLeish of the Office of Facts and Figures to the editorial pages of a number of newspapers and divers congressmen, columnists, and radio commentators.

We submit, neither humbly nor haltingly, that the authorities are mistaken. What complacency are they talking about? Consider some facts and figures:

1. The first peacetime draft of American soldiers in our history was accepted cheerfully by the whole country, in spite of the confusion and distressing uncertainties caused by the isolationists. There was no wailing, no rioting (such as other countries have experienced even in time of war). Slackers and evaders have been conspicuous by their absence.

2. The later extension of the draft to take in men past their fighting youth crowded the draft-board offices with cheerful fellows who had one theme song: "Come on! Let's get going!"

3. The huge new income taxes were accepted everywhere with much grinning and no groaning that even the carefulest of listeners could hear. Do you remember the laughter and applause in the movie houses when Donald Duck got ready to pay up? Do you remember the reports from all over the country about the little people who tried to pay something to Uncle Sam on income-tax day, though their small incomes made them exempt?

4. The amount of grumbling over tire restrictions and car restrictions has been too faint to record.

5. Perhaps more important: have you heard any whimpering from salesmen whose businesses have been practically wiped out?

6. In every community there have been more applicants for service with Aid Raid Precaution forces, First Aid courses, Women's Volunteer Aux-

iliary, and to give blood donations than people in charge could handle—despite certain rumors of child's play in the Office of Civilian Defense.

7. The response to aluminum drives and waste-paper drives and tin-tube drives and scrap-iron drives has been instantaneous and universal.

8. Defense Bonds and Stamps have not gone begging.

These eight points are not the whole story. We were suddenly informed that we would have to pay a stamp tax to use our motor cars until July 1. And although it was plainly announced that there were neither funds nor human machinery to enforce the regulation, 28,000,000 out of the 32,000,000 cars in America promptly had green stamps on them.

There has been talk of total mobilization of American men and women toward the hard-boiled end that every soul must either work or fight. Objections to that? Hardly. The Gallup poll took extensive samplings of public opinion. The vote was nearly two to one for total mobilization. Not a single geographical, income, political, or age group voted against it.

It is an injustice to call the American people complacent. That word you picked up, Washington, has nothing whatever to do with the truth. We know our dangers now. We know that we must stretch every fiber to throw them off and to become, ourselves, mortally dangerous to our enemies.

We are willing enough, and brave enough, and strong enough. It is your job, Washington, to plan the things for us to do with our hands and our brains. We are quite the opposite of complacent. We are eager to the point of impatience.

That's how it is, Washington. We want to fight!



APRIL 25, 1942 . . . LIBERTY . . . VOLUME 19, NUMBER 17

SHEPPARD BUTLER, EXECUTIVE EDITOR • GERALD MYGATT, EDITOR • ALFRED STRASSER, ART EDITOR
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Washington, WALTER KARIG • War, ROBERT LOW • Home Front, FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Current Events, MORRIS MARKEY • Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Books, DONALD GORDON

HITLER'S

NO. 1 HEADACHE

**Russia's millions have done things to the Nazis,
but no one man has given them a fight like this!**

BY ROBERT LOW

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ THE six-wheeled patrol car flying a red-and-black swastika flag careened round a corner of the tiny Serbian village and skidded to a halt before a farmhouse. A squad of steel-helmeted German soldiers, led by an unsmiling young officer, jumped out and advanced toward four peasants standing before the house. While the soldiers searched their baggy clothes for concealed weapons, the officer snapped out questions:

"Where are your identification papers? What are you meeting here for? Where have you come from? Were you ever in the Yugoslav army?"

The peasants stared at him stupidly. Would the officer please speak slowly? one of them mumbled. They could not understand him very well. The officer became very angry. This was an insult to the Reichswehrschule für Ausländischesprachen where he had taken the special language course for officers of the German armies of occupation.

He repeated his questions, this time shouting them at a tall, auburn-haired yokel who seemed to look a little more intelligent than the others. The peasant replied for each of them in turn—carefully but not fawningly; in detail but not suspiciously pat. The officer checked the answers with certain known facts in his notebook. They tallied. He snapped his notebook shut and ordered the men back to the car. A final warning, carrying a full and open threat; then the car shot away, leaving a blast of winter mud in its wake. The peasants watched it in silence until it disappeared beyond the next bend.

Finally one of them smiled and said, "That was a fairly close one, Draja." The tall, auburn-haired man nodded his head toward the woods a few hundred feet away.

"Yes, it was close—but as close for them as for us, I should say."

Hidden in the deep foliage of the copse he indicated was a machine gun with its crew. Its sights had been trained on the Germans throughout the interrogation. For General Dragoljub Mihailovitch, Yugoslav Minister of War, is a practical man. He travels far and wide in the course of his duties. He travels wisely.

Mihailovitch is no Scarlet Pimpernel carrying on a romantic single-handed battle of wits against the enemy. He is the commander in chief of an army many thousands strong, engaged in serious military operations against the German and Italian armies of occupation.

To match the enemies' superiority in men and equipment, he fights with guerrilla tactics, using his superior knowledge of terrain and mountain fighting. From the plains of Croatia to the mountains of Serbia, the "people's war" he is waging never ceases.

It takes courage to fight on when the forces of the enemy have overrun your country—courage of the very

The headache: General Draja Mihailovitch, Yugoslav War Minister and Chetnik commander in cl





der Mihailovitch, young Serbs such as these fight on and on.

A Yugoslav crew moves its gun into the forest for concealment.

highest order. Every blow struck is struck in the shadow of death. Wives, children, families, relatives, villages, even whole cities pay the penalty for resistance by their menfolk to whom submission is an unutterable word.

Bolje rat nego pakt; bolje grob nego rob, is the motto of the Chetnik movement which General Mihailovitch heads. The motto translates:

"Rather war than shameful pact; rather death than slavery."

This is no cheap catch phrase, no halfhearted slogan to be chalked upon walls. Hundreds of thousands of Serbs, Croats, Montenegrins—soldiers and civilians alike—have it seared upon their souls, and every hour of their lives is given to fulfilling it. Home, comfort, security, life mean nothing—only repaying terror with terror.

Even the German General Ludendorff, whose words have been the mainspring for Hitler's conception and philosophy of war, foresaw what would happen and paid a grudging tribute to the "legions who fight on."

"The civil population of a country on whose soil battles are carried on has to suffer unheard-of hardships," he wrote. "The need and distress of such a people may bring about a 'people's war.' It is only possible where the nation shows the greatest moral strength and is willing to fight for its

life." He recommends a "policy of might" against such a people.

Day and night, General Mihailovitch and his army pursue their "fight for life." He has a substantial military background for his task. Born in Pozarevat of Old Serbia, the only son of a colonel in the Serbian army, he has been in the army since 1910, when at fifteen he entered the Serbian military academy at Belgrade. Keen, forceful, he normally wears large rimless pince-nez glasses which fail to conceal the good humor and wit which he inherited from his father. But, like most Slavs, he is a man of temperament, and on occasion during his career this trait brought him into conflict with the brass-hats of the general staff.

Twice when a student at the military academy, Draja Mihailovitch left the school bench for the field of battle. The first time he served with the Shumadian division in the 1912 Balkan war of independence, returning to school a year later with the commission of sublieutenant of infantry and the golden medal of Obilich, bestowed for "personal courage." The second time his studies were interrupted by the shells from Austrian guns firing across the Danube at his beloved city of Belgrade. In the first year of the World War he was badly wounded and received the high mili-

tary distinction of the White Eagle with swords for the courage which he displayed in the battles of Cer and Suvobor.

In 1917, on the Salonika front, Yugoslav volunteers from the United States, Canada, and South America were formed into the first Yugoslav division. Mihailovitch commanded a machine-gun company in it. Again he was wounded, but on the eve of the great Allied offensive in the Balkans in 1918 he slipped out of hospital and rejoined his company. He fought with great gallantry against the Germans and Bulgarians in the stubborn battles where the Salonika front was broken and final Allied victory began. He returned to his liberated country wearing the highest of all Yugoslav decorations—Karadjordje Star with swords.

He has studied every available military textbook in a dozen languages. As a professor of infantry tactics and strategy at the Superior Military College at Belgrade, he urged for years that a small country could not afford the luxury of static defenses like the Maginot Line and should concentrate on "defense in depth."

Six months before France was overrun by German panzer divisions, he delivered two five-hour lectures to Yugoslav staff officers in which he declared that the traditional strategy would collapse under the weight of mechanized warfare. In the event of a German attack on Yugoslavia, he said, the Yugoslav army could not defend any fixed line, and the only method of defense against massed tanks and planes would be dispersal and guerrilla warfare.

Due to his radical military views and democratic inclinations, he was unpopular in certain Yugoslav military circles, particularly those led by General Milan Neditch, the Pétain of Yugoslavia.

In 1936 Mihailovitch was appointed military attaché to Czechoslovakia. But when the German rumblings against the Czechs became louder, he was mysteriously ordered back to his country. Certain people in Belgrade wanted a man who would counsel the Czechs to listen to Hitler. Mihailovitch had advised them to stand firm.

When he encountered his successor, he reputedly said to him: "Dear sir, now you've got what you wanted. As



INT. NEWS PHOTO

All ready! Soldiers of a Yugoslav cycle corps await the word to advance.



for myself, I place my trust in God and the people. And, in God's name and the name of the people, I'll some day repay for what you are doing."

With the younger officers he has always been popular. One of them who fought with him against the Germans last year told me:

"He knows the intricate topography of Yugoslavia like the inside of his pocket. He can cast his eye over the field of maneuvers—mountains, valleys, rivers—and announce immediately: 'We must attack yonder valley. If we go by the left-hand valley we risk ambush, if by the right-hand valley, then we'll be seen.' He has a better natural feeling for terrain than any one else I've ever met."

Shortly before the German attack on Yugoslavia, Mihailovitch wrote a secret memorandum in which he urged the closest co-operation between army and patriotic associations, severely condemning those selfish, narrow-minded politicians who were destroying national unity and compromising the success of Yugoslav mobilization.

Considering this a personal affront, Neditch, who was then acting as War Minister in the Prince Paul government which attempted to sell out Yugoslavia to the Axis, sentenced him to twenty days military arrest.

While serving the sentence, Mihailovitch wrote to Neditch: "The political danger to which I called your attention cannot be ignored. God help me to be wrong, so that you may give me an additional twenty days of arrest. Should I, however, be right—then our country is really in danger."

★ THE extra sentence was not forthcoming. He returned to his duties as assistant chief of the general staff in the coastal area at Mostar, Herzegovina. Some days later the Germans struck. Without a declaration of war, without warning, their dive bombers darkened the sky over

Belgrade on April 6, 1941. In eight hours they had managed to kill more than 20,000 defenseless civilians.

Simultaneously the combined German and Italian forces rolled across the long frontier which starts at the top of the Adriatic and runs down to the mountains of Greece. One of the first tasks for the Yugoslav army would be to establish communications through Albania with the allied Greek and British armies in the south. Without waiting for orders, Mihailovitch attempted to put this plan into operation. But it was too late. The attack had come before Yugoslavia had been able to complete her mobilization. And the dissension and shortsighted dabblings of certain politicians in military affairs had weakened the country. The gallant stand of General Simovitch's army was hopeless.

Fighting a rear-guard action, Mihailovitch retreated to the wooded mountains of Novi Pazar. This refuge was sought by thousands of soldiers of other units, for here the freedom-loving Serbs have gathered for generations to fight against the enemy. Other detachments, retreating from southern Serbia, some completely equipped with guns, ammunition, and radios, were hiding in the mountain districts of Zaječar, Paracin, and Nish.

Their country was in the hands of the enemy—but they were still free. The enemy threatened death to all who resisted—but they had heard threats before. In 1903 they had formed a secret patriotic organization to fight guerrilla fashion against the Turks, the Bulgars, the Austrians, and the Germans. The Chetniks had fought then for fifteen years. They would fight again now.

The leader of the new Chetnik organization would be Draža Mihailovitch.

From village to village went Mihailovitch, rallying followers. His favorite sports of swimming, mountain

climbing, and riding had given him tremendous stamina. He had use for it now.

Soon this new Yugoslav "Freedom Army" began to make itself felt with deadly attacks upon the communications of the Germans and Italians. Behind-the-lines warfare plagued the enemy wherever they were in occupation. A certain number of villages, towns, and cities were liberated by Mihailovitch's well trained soldiers, armed with tanks, armored cars, heavy artillery, and ammunition, some of which they had captured from the invaders.

That the Nazi generals were impressed was indicated by the fact that Germany sent three extra divisions to put down the revolt, and threatened to surround and raze Belgrade unless the insurgents laid down their arms.

The German reprisals in Serbia are probably the harshest in all of occupied Europe. Often the ratio has been one hundred Serbian lives for one German; sometimes two hundred. In July the area around Sabac, in August the area around Kolubara, and in October the area around Kragujevac in the Morava Valley were all punished at an appalling cost of innocent lives.

From a distance of 7,000 miles, it is hard perhaps to visualize the carnage. It is easy perhaps to be callous and think of such ratios as just figures on paper. But there isn't much difference between those Serbs and the people in Wisconsin or Kansas or Indiana. They, too, once said they preferred to die on their feet rather than live on their knees. Now they're proving they meant it.

Between October 20 and 30, a German punitive expedition to the Morava Valley massacred 2,300 civilians at Kraljevo, 2,600 men and women between the ages of twenty-eight and forty at the unknown soldier's tomb in Belgrade, 1,300 civilians at Uzice.

The towns of Sabac, Rudnik, and Uzice were completely razed to the ground. At Rudnik only seventy houses remained out of six hundred. The story of Kraguyevatz is a special one. The entire population of the town was only 25,000. But the local Nazi commander decreed that 4,600 townsmen would have to die for twenty-three German soldiers who had been killed—200 Serbian lives for one German. The executions were carried out on October 22, 23, and 24. Every priest, teacher, civil official, all males of military age, all professional women were rounded up and shot, and to fill the quota it was necessary to place before the firing squads boys between sixteen and eighteen taken from the local school. Their aged schoolmaster was offered mercy, but he asked to be shot with his pupils. His request was granted.

The official German government censorship allowed the Berlin correspondent of the Swedish newspaper *Stockholmstidningen* to report on December 12, 1941, that 300,000 Yugoslav civilians had been executed in the seven months of German occupation. And that is undoubtedly a conservative German claim, for once.

In order to impress the population, the Nazis have allowed newspapers to print mourning notices. In a recent issue of the *Novo Vreme* (published in Belgrade) there were eleven such notices. One says: "To our dearest ones whom we'll never forget. To our father, mother, our dear little sister, our brother, our aunt—Alexander, Nadezda, Lubitza, Voikan, and Donitza—who tragically lost their lives at the ages of fifty-two, forty-six, eighteen, fourteen, and forty, on the 5th of June, 1941, at Smederevo." On June 5 a gigantic explosion of land mines planted by the Germans blew up almost the entire town of Smederevo. The Germans also permitted the *Novo Vreme* to publish on December 10 the fact that 4,000 civilians were executed at Uzice during a second punitive expedition.

★ BUT daily the activities of General Mihailovitch increase. The continuance of the Yugoslav armed resistance in this "third front" may well hamper German plans for the long expected Nazi drive through Turkey to the east, for communication lines could be easily disrupted by Mihailovitch's forces.

Already the Germans have offered to negotiate an armistice with him. The offer of terms was quickly turned down. The Germans sent a number of high-ranking officers and General Dokitch, Serbian Quisling Number Two, to his mountain stronghold under a white flag of truce. Mihailovitch's condition for an armistice was removal of the occupation forces from all of Yugoslavia.

The Chetniks combine rough justice for traitors with large organized military strokes by their army, which is estimated to total 150,000. The Ustachi, a group of terrorists who for years have been Mussolini's stooges and

were responsible for the assassination of King Alexander in Marseilles, and are now officially recognized by the Gestapo as the state political police in Yugoslavia, are the favorite victims of Mihailovitch's Chetniks. Their officers have been ambushed and shot on the streets of Zagreb right under the "protective wing" of the German army of occupation. Another Serb Quisling—and there aren't many of them—General Putnitkovitch, who was serving with the Nazis, disappeared late in September. His slightly decomposed body was found in a ditch near Rudnik. When the Nazis burned villages in the Kordun area, the Chetniks attacked Karlovac, which is only twenty miles from Zagreb and in territory heavily garrisoned by Italians.

There is no mercy shown in this war, and the Chetniks are playing the Nazis at their own game. According to the *Hrvatski Narod*, official organ of the Ustachi, the Chetniks attacked the Ustachi garrison and were repulsed, but only after capturing the commander's wife. Then they threatened to execute her unless the garrison surrendered, which it did. As they advanced on Karlovac, they destroyed everything in sight and set up summary courts-martial to execute traitors among villagers.

At Karlovac the Chetniks took two Ustachi and three Italian officers out of the military hospital and executed them on the spot.

The army has been particularly successful in ambushing Italian columns. Recently two columns, one black-shirt and one regular army, were observed coming down a road. The Chetniks allowed the regulars to pass, then wiped the black-shirts out to the last man. There is no food for prisoners in Chetnik territory.

The attacks made on the Belgrade-Zagreb, Belgrade-Istanbul, and Bel-

grade-Salonika railways have been so damaging that the German commander in Yugoslavia has had to order the forests cleared three hundred feet on either side of the tracks. The Nazis and Italians are striving to conceal the scope of Mihailovitch's operations and the casualties he is inflicting.

Official Yugoslav sources in London state that seven Nazi divisions were garrisoned in Yugoslavia about the middle of January, but that one division has been withdrawn since. Berlin denied this report, but it later was confirmed in the German-controlled Finnish press. The Italians have been unable to conceal all casualties any longer, and in mid-January issued "388 killed, 407 wounded, in recent operations on the Balkan front."

The Nazis alternate claims of decisively suppressing the Chetniks with admissions that the suppression is most difficult. The Berlin correspondent of the *Stockholm Aftonbladet* reports that the Chetniks are always well informed of enemy movements. They concentrate especially on trains carrying arms and ammunition. In the Zlobnik Mountains they have a guerrilla base which is completely inaccessible to enemy planes and tanks.

★ RECENT reports from Yugoslavia say that Mihailovitch's army has been reinforced by a small air force. The planes take off from secret bases to bomb German columns and transports. Their reconnaissance keeps the army leaders well informed. Heavily camouflaged, they carry no identification marks. They operate only in bad weather when enemy planes are grounded.

The area under control of the Chetnik movement includes almost all of Serbia, Bosnia, and Montenegro. Outline on the map runs from Cetinje near Lake Scutari to Podgorica, along the Albanian frontier, across to Rudnik and Pristina, up to Prokuplje, Krusevac, Cacak, Valjevo, Sabac, along the Sava River to Jasenovac, west along the River Una, then parallels the Dalmatian coast through the Dinaric Alps to Mostar, Trebinje, and Cetinje.

The above cities and towns on the periphery of Chetnik territory are all precariously held by the Axis. Germans and Italians also hold Sarajevo, Banjaluka, and a few other points within the periphery.

Today General Mihailovitch's position is very strong, but the shortage of provisions and munitions is becoming acute. Every effort is being made by the United Nations to get him the help he needs. If they succeed he will be able to raise an army of 300,000 by spring, which will seriously hamper the Nazis' plans for a spring offensive through Turkey against the Middle East.

The first shots of World War I were fired on Yugoslav territory. It is very likely that when this war against the Axis is finally won, the last shots will be fired on Yugoslav territory. Mihailovitch will see to that.

THE END



INT. NEWS PHOTO

Hidden in the brush, Yugoslav machine gunners watch hopefully for the coming of the enemy.



He turned slowly and
looked at her. Then
she was in his arms.

THE SONG IS YOU

BY ROY LOPEZ

She rose to the heights of radio fame. He thought he was left behind. But there was something in her heart

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

★ SHE was attractive, she was shy, and she was incredibly tiny as she stood on the vast stage and sang. Behind her Bruce Graham's orchestra played a soft flowing accompaniment, and in the control room off to the right the engineer blended voice and instruments and sent them out in perfect balance over a nationwide hook-up. It was hard to conceive of millions of radios tuned in just to catch that soft wistful voice, but the Crossley ratings were there to prove that they were. In fact for the past few months the Crossley reports had shown that Kay Williams was far and away the biggest radio name in the country.

In one of the front rows of the packed theater, Jerry Larson sat alone and watched the girl on the stage. Ever since the broadcast had begun, twenty-five minutes ago, he had been struggling to make himself believe that he was happy. Actually, he was thoroughly miserable. He could kid himself a little by saying he was proud of Kay, but that didn't alter the fact that he felt a sense of utter helplessness as he watched her. It was incredible to think that less than a year ago he had been on the point of asking this girl to marry him.

This whole last year had been fantastic, for at the beginning of it Kay Williams had been nothing more than an unknown singer with a couple of daily shows on a small Southern radio station. Then a couple of song writers on Broadway had written The Morning After Love—and from that moment on things had begun to happen.

On the face of it, The Morning After Love was just another torch number. Solid but not outstanding. Kay had sung it a few times on one of her shows and had been mildly surprised when she received some fan mail on

it. Real fan mail, not just the occasional letters she had always been accustomed to.

Then the snowball had really begun to roll. She had recorded the number and watched in amazement as the record hit the best seller list in no time at all. She had appeared as guest artist on a network show and been signed for thirteen weeks the minute the show was over. She had gone on tour and played to capacity houses all over the country.

The strange thing was that she did not have a good voice. Even in The Morning After Love she had not done a particularly good technical job. But without realizing it herself, she had hit upon a new way of handling a torch number. She sang in a soft subdued manner, with no gestures and no dramatics. She sang simply, and the emotions in her songs were simple. And even though you might eventually decide that you didn't like her, there was no denying the fact that when you heard Kay Williams for the first time you stopped talking and listened.

Before she clicked, Jerry had done a lot of kidding about her voice. Kay had always taken it and kidded back, partly because she was a good scout and partly because she had no illusions about her own ability.

"You're a fine pal," she had told him once, back in the days before she had boarded the skyrocket. "Just because I admit I'm not a good singer, that's no reason for you to break your neck agreeing with me."

Jerry grinned. "Don't get me wrong," he said. "You're not really bad. There are probably plenty of singers who are worse—well, some, anyway."

She had moved closer to him and her lips had brushed his cheek. "You're so understanding," she said softly. "You know how much those little things mean to me."

But Jerry's grin had become a trifle lopsided in the past year. It was lots of no fun standing by helplessly and watching the girl you wanted to marry get hoisted out of your reach by national applause and four-figured pay checks. It was pretty miserable real-

izing that no matter how you felt about her you couldn't propose to her now. Not when she was pulling down more money in a year than you would ever be able to make in a couple of lifetimes.

Jerry had written to her, of course, and she had always answered his letters, no matter how busy she was. A few lines from backstage at the Paramount, a quick note scribbled on a plan somewhere—but always an answer. She was that kind. And it didn't make Jerry feel any better to realize that this sudden blast of success hadn't changed her. In a way, it made things worse. He was enough in love with her already without constantly being reminded how swell she was.

Tonight marked his second trip to New York to see her. The first had been a few months before. It had been a bizarre experience. Kay had been with him every spare moment she could scrape together, but it hadn't been good. Jerry was constantly wondering whether she was doing it just because she felt that she should. Not that she ever gave the slightest indication of that, because on the surface she was the same as Jerry had always known her. But there were little details that seemed more important than they actually were. Occasional broken dates for longer rehearsals and things of that sort. Things that Jerry understood perfectly and yet, somehow, they always hurt.

He had never let her know back home how he really felt about her, and he was doubly careful not to do so now. Run the risk of having her feel sorry for him? Not a chance. Better to fade out of the picture and try to forget about her.

That's why he had made up his mind when he left New York not to see her again. But that hadn't worked, either, just as he had known it wouldn't. He had showed up tonight before the broadcast, as miserable and uncertain as he had been three months before. And, just as he expected, Kay had been tickled to death to see him. A little too much so, perhaps. Sort of like an act. Probably not, but maybe.

She had taken him backstage and introduced him to the director and the announcer, and to Bruce Graham, whose band had been a regular on the show long before Kay had been heard of. Bruce remembered him from the other visit. He said, "Glad to see you, Larson. Stick around after the show."

Kay frowned at Jerry. "You moron," she said. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming in tonight?"

"Oh, I don't know. You're tied up after the show, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am. It makes me furious. If I'd known you were coming, I could have crawfished out of the thing."

"Forget it," Jerry said. "I understand that."

"It isn't a question of understanding, you dope. I want to see you."

"How about lunch tomorrow?"

"Darn it, I can't. I'm recording in the morning, and there's no telling when I can get away."

"Then how about tomorrow night?"

"That's better."

"Pick you up at seven. Incidentally, I want a lobster."

"You'll get a lobster. And I'm still sorry it can't be tonight."

During the show he felt choked up and uncomfortable. He watched Kay as though she were a stranger, marveling at the roars of applause from the audience after each of her numbers.

She seemed incredibly fragile, incredibly blonde, as she stood alone on the vast stage, with the orchestra softly plaintive behind her. She was wearing a long flowing skirt with yards of white chiffon billowing around her tiny golden slippers. Fitting snugly about her slender waist was a bodice of black velvet, the shoulders exaggerated by ropes of military gold braid, and down the front little golden buckles shone brightly against the dark background. Jerry loved it, and yet he hated it. It all pointed to the same thing: Kay was still hopelessly out of reach.

After the curtain had dropped, he wandered backstage again and waited until Kay spotted him. "I could murder you cheerfully," she said. "If you had only let me know you'd be here this evening—"

"Relax," he said gruffly. "You're not indispensable."

She sighed. "I was afraid you'd say that."

Bruce Graham joined them. "Kay tells me she's leaving you stranded," he said to Jerry. "Want to tag along with me while I chase down some dinner?"

"Sure. Be right with you." He tried to be casual as he said, "Seven tomorrow night, Kay. Check?"

"Check. And just try to get out of it."

He managed to grin and left the theater with Bruce. The orchestra leader was waylaid a few minutes by autograph hunters and then he led Jerry to a restaurant round the corner and ordered quantities of spaghetti.

"I can't really enjoy food until the broadcasts are over," he said. "Too many headaches."

"I could catch a little of that when Kay was down home," Jerry said. "Even small-town stations can get pretty hectic sometimes."

Bruce frowned and tapped his glass with a knife. "You know Kay pretty well, don't you?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"We-e-ll, I was wondering if I could talk to you. Come to think of it, I don't see why I shouldn't. Kay speaks of you all the time."

"You can trust me," Jerry said. "Is anything wrong?"

"Not yet, no. That's why I think I'll take a chance. I'm probably sticking my neck out, but that seems to be a habit of mine, anyway." He thought for a moment and said, "Larson, how much do you know about show business?"

"As much as anybody who's not in it, I guess."

"Do you know enough to understand that Kay is just a fad?"

Jerry nodded. "I've realized that from the beginning."

"I thought you would. Kay is a swell kid. She's a grand person to work with, and I think an awful lot of her. That's why I'd give my right arm to see her miss this jolt she's riding for."

"Maybe you've got something," Jerry said. "Keep going."

"Well, it seems to stack up this way: When Kay arrived in New York, she was the first to admit that she was nothing more than a novelty. She expected to last a few weeks, do her songs until people got fed up with them, and then slide back into obscurity with no regrets. Understand clearly, she expected that; and if it had happened that way, it wouldn't have bothered her at all."

He frowned. "But it didn't happen that way. She clicked bigger than anybody dared to hope. She's lasted longer than she thought she would, and instead of being just another

singer with a trick style, she's been the biggest thing on the air. Therefore she has sort of dropped the idea that she's just a fad. And you certainly can't blame her, after all this success."

He twirled a forkful of spaghetti and held it suspended in mid-air. "That's where the problem lies, Jerry. Because, actually, she is just a fad, in spite of how big she has become. And the fact that she is up so high now means that the fall is going to be an awful lot harder."

"And what you're really driving at," Jerry said quietly, "is that she has begun to slip already. Right?"

"That's about the size of it," Bruce said.

"But what makes you think so? The crowd at the broadcast tonight seemed to love her."

"Sure they did, but unfortunately that's not always the test. It's something intangible, something that you can never place your finger on. Lots of arrows all pointing in the same direction. Bookings are a little harder to get; people in the trade don't have as much to say about you—that sort of thing. And the worst feature is that the person it's happening to is always the last to realize it."

"And you're positive that Kay has reached that stage?"

Bruce nodded slowly. "She has seven weeks more on this show of mine, Jerry. Beyond that point, she hasn't received a decent offer."

"But that's incredible. People don't slip that fast."

Bruce smiled. "You didn't let me finish. I don't mean she can't get any more bookings or any more radio shows. Of course she can, and she probably will be able to for quite a while. But what I'm driving at is that they won't be as good and they won't pay as much. In other words, they'll be headed downward. And when they are through, the next offers will be even less important."

Jerry was silent.

Then: "Why do you tell me all this?"



Bruce faced him squarely. "Because if you could persuade that kid to quit now, while she's still on top, you would be doing her just about the swellest favor in the world."

Jerry thought it over that night when he had gone back to his hotel. He went to bed and tossed for awhile, then he snapped on the light and smoked a string of cigarettes. He mulled over what Bruce Graham had told him, and as he did so an idea occurred to him. A fantastic idea which he discarded instantly but which came back and kept coming back. Obviously, it would be impossible to get Kay to quit now without giving some sort of reason. But it would be equally impossible to tell her the truth. There was just this one hunch, this one wild idea which might have a chance of succeeding.

It was shortly after eleven the next night when Jerry took Kay back to her apartment and dropped up for a nightcap. When she went back to the kitchen and began to fuss with the ice cubes, he followed her and stood in the doorway.

"Listen," he said. "I want to talk to you about something."

She looked at him curiously. "Sure, mister. Go right ahead."

"You can take things straight, can't you?"

"Well, I seem to have put up with you for a good many years, if that answers your question."

"Fair enough. I want you to quit. Come home. Take it easy awhile."

Her blue eyes shone with amusement. "You're kidding, aren't you?"

"No. Definitely not. You're fagged out, Kay. Been working too hard. You need a rest."

"That's absurd. I never felt better."

"But you've done everything you set out to do. You can't be any more tops than you are now. You've made all the money you'll ever need."

"I know, Jerry. It isn't that. It's just—well, I don't know how to express it. I like this crazy thing that's happened to me. It still doesn't make sense, but whether it does or not, I'm getting a kick out of it. Why should I give it all up?"

"There's a reason," Jerry said gruffly. "I was thinking we might get married."

She stared at him. She put down the ice tray and stood there just looking at him. Then her eyes clouded.

"Jerry," she said, "may I ask you something?"

"Go on."

"Bruce has been talking to you, hasn't he?"

Jerry felt miserable. He had done a gorgeous job of botching the whole thing up. "What makes you think that?" he muttered.

"Because it just happens that he's been talking to me too. I think I understand now. He's been telling you that I was slipping. He's probably been telling you that my contract on this radio show hasn't been renewed and that no other decent offer has come along to take its place. That's true, isn't it?"

Jerry didn't answer. Kay shrugged and turned away.

"Bruce means well," she said softly. "So do you. I appreciate it, Jerry, but I'm not having any. I'm afraid I wouldn't exactly relish the idea of being a charity case."

A sense of helpless rage surged through him. He seized her and spun her around.

"Listen," he said. "You've got that backward. You're all twisted. I'm the charity case in this party, not you. Listen. I'll tell you something. Bruce did talk to me about you. He did say you were slipping, and he did suggest that I try to make you get out before you were shoved out. But he didn't suggest that I do it by asking you to marry me. You want to know something else? I wasn't thinking about you at all when I made that offer. I was thinking about myself, and I was feeling selfish as hell. I was thinking that it might be a pretty good excuse to do something I've been trying to do ever since you climbed out of my class. Is that clear?"

He stopped. He was all out of breath, and he felt that he wanted to sit down somewhere. Kay's eyes were misting and he looked away quickly.

"You—you don't mean that, do you, Jerry?" she said.

"Yes, I mean it. Now I'll clear out."

He felt her hand on his shoulder. He turned slowly and looked down at her. Then she was in his arms and he

was burying his lips in her hair and saying, "Don't cry, honey. Don't cry. It's all right now. . . ."

The next afternoon Jerry was with Kay when she showed up for rehearsal. He said hello to Bruce Graham, nodded at a few other people whose faces were familiar, and then took a seat far back. He felt swell.

Kay was feeling pretty swell herself. As soon as Jerry was out of earshot she wandered over to Bruce and whispered, "Can you stand a shock?"

He grinned. "Let me guess. It worked."

"Like a charm, Bruce. I still can't believe it. It was such a long shot, but, darn it, I had to try something. And it clicked. Isn't that terrific?"

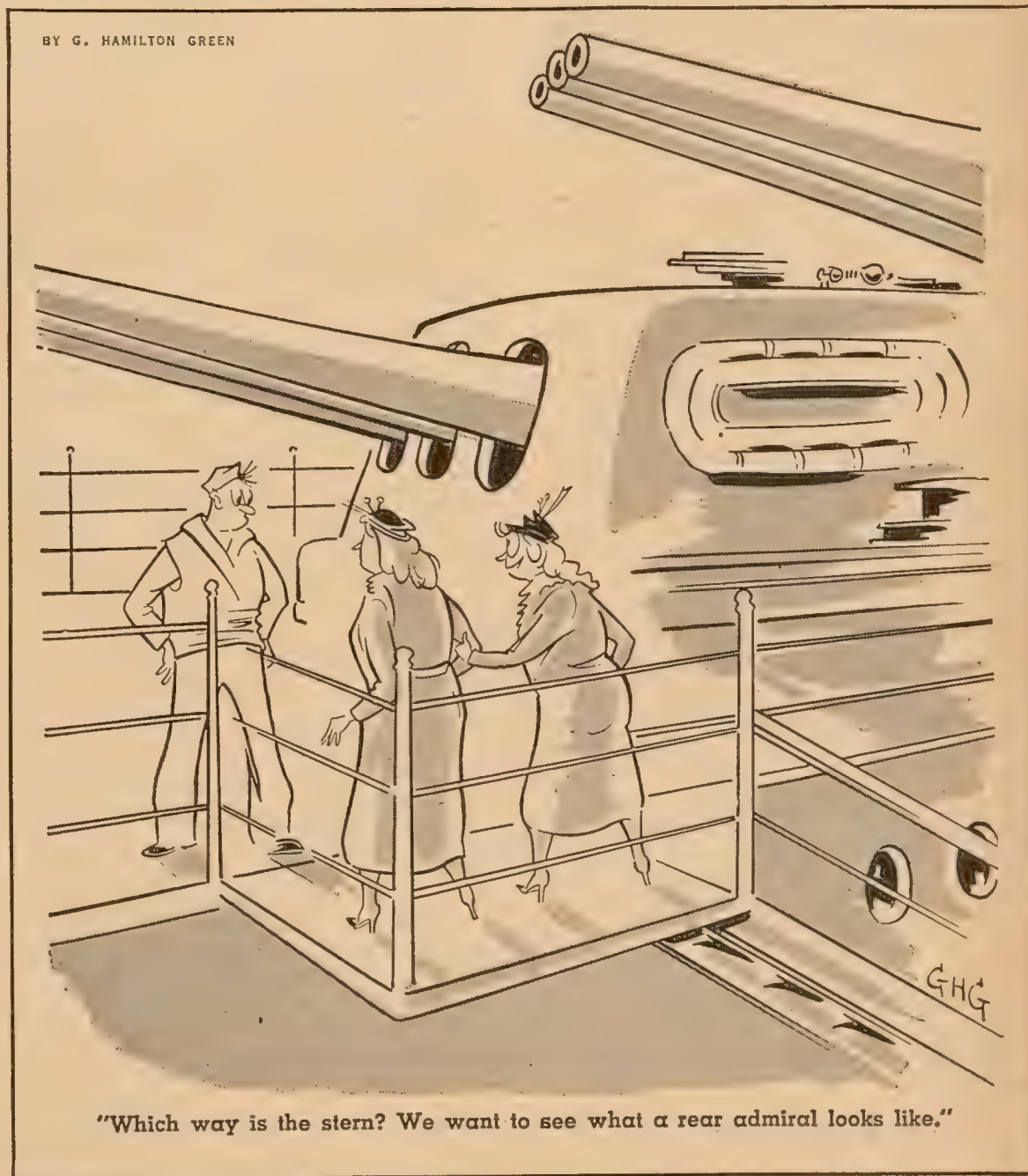
"I must be an actor," Bruce said. "Maybe I'm wasting time leading a band. You should have heard me trying to convince him that you couldn't find any more decent jobs." Then he said, "Speaking of which, I saw your agent this morning. He says Hollywood has raised the ante again on that picture proposition."

"Too bad," she said. "No can take."

"Better think it over, Kay. It's a pretty nice offer. The best you've ever had."

But Kay smiled and shook her head. "Second best," she said softly. "The best came last night. And if you think I'm kidding, you're crazy."

THE END



HOLLYWOOD'S MR. COOPER

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

An engaging look behind the scenes at a man of silence and why they hail him now as the first actor in filmdom

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ WHEN Frank James Cooper came to Hollywood he was acknowledged by all—himself included—to be quite the worst actor that ever tied a steed to the famous old hitching post at the corner of Sunset and Vine.

But at last, after sixteen years of learning the hard way, Frank James (now Gary) Cooper has won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Also, he was voted by New York's hard-boiled Film Critics' Circle, for his work in *Sergeant York*, Hollywood's number one actor—the score: Cooper, 14; Orson Welles, 2.

Sixteen years! That's a long time to wait for critical accolades; but latterly there have been other triumphs to cheer this pilgrim's progress.

Since 1937 Gary Cooper has been Hollywood's highest-paid actor. The industry's biggest pictures have been postponed by the industry's biggest producers, sometimes twelve months, sometimes twenty-four, until Big Gary could arrange his schedule to appear in them. Once, when a studio was alleged to have lured him away from another studio which thought that it

had first call on his services, the second organization brought suit on the claim that it had been injured by the "theft" to the extent of \$5,000,000.

Judged by Hollywood standards, therefore, this lanky Montanan has long been the movie colony's first citizen. Yet, of all the big stars, he is probably the one our merry villagers know least well. One reason is that, except to take in food—of which he puts away an unbelievable lot, sometimes as many as three whole lobsters as a warm-up for a nice juicy steak!—Cooper seldom opens his mouth. He hates argument and gossip, without both of which no Hollywood party is a success, and he avoids the one by keeping his mouth shut and the other by going to sleep, which he can do

anywhere. Still, when hostesses, having been treated to an evening of Cooper silence or an hour or two of not so silent Cooper slumber, show signs of feeling outraged, all the big boy has to do is to open his sleepy eyes and grin ingratiatingly.

Of course he *can* talk, and does—delightfully, whimsically, almost poetically—if the conversation turns on horses, mountains, or guns. But on the subject of Gary Cooper he remains definitely tongue-tied. The ladies and gentlemen of the press are invariably baffled by him. They find him easily accessible, always polite, yet always unrevealing.

There is nothing remotely boorish about this reticence of Gary's. He is, and always has been, an excellent



host. But visitors, unless he takes a fancy to them, may be with him a dozen times and find themselves no closer to him the twelfth time than they were the first. Here is a typical conversation which resulted from an attempted probing into the Cooper past:

"How did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Make the grade in pictures."

With almost any other Hollywood star, this would have been the starting signal for a marathon success story. Gary's reply was characteristic.

"Have I?" he said.

There is, you will observe, a humorously laconic quality about him. There may be method in his muteness, as there was in Cal Coolidge's. Certainly there is no whit of dumbness. Gary's brain is active if his tongue isn't. What little he does say invariably makes sense—and is invariably tolerant and kind.

He is one of the few Hollywood men I know who are better-looking off the screen than on. His coloring, especially the luminous blue eyes set in a ruddy and habitually bronzed complexion, gives his overlong face an unexpected charm. There is the same slow, tantalizing smile, the same embarrassed, intriguing grin which characterizes the screen Gary, but there is also a wise twinkling in the eyes which too often eludes the camera's eye.

He is a hipless creature whose flat flanks and antennae-like arms and legs make him look even taller than his six feet two and three quarters, and thinner than his 175 pounds. His big hands are as sensitive as a woman's, as expressive as an artist's. He usually sits on the small of his back and lets his long lank legs sprawl out in front of him. He looks at you with the gentle expression of a big Newfoundland dog. His essential friendliness is emphasized by the sensitive, susceptible lines of his outsize mouth. The man is obviously an idealist, a romantic. Just the same, there is an angle to the jaw which, with good reason, suggests firmness.

It was this combination of gentle-

ness and force even more than his good looks which swept producers and public off their feet when, as Cowboy Abe Lee, he rode triumphantly into Sam Goldwyn's picturization of *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and, at least for one unforgettable sequence of silent celluloid, took the picture away from Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Cooper's Abe Lee was "just plain folks." For all his gay caballero get-up, he was the kind of man you'd trust your sister with. But even then he was a threat man. This was long before Hollywood had decreed that it was necessary for a hero to "knock a girl down and step on her face to assert his masculinity." Big Coop didn't even need to rough up his hair to show that he was virile.

Perhaps he couldn't act, then. Perhaps that was one secret of his charm. In *Ball of Fire*, Barbara Stanwyck as Sugarpuss O'Shea says of Gary as Professor Bertram Potts, "I love him because he don't know how to kiss." That may have been the way it was at first with the young man from Montana. The fans loved him because he didn't know how to act and didn't look like an actor—because he looked like a man.

During those first years, however, interest concentrated not so much on Gary's appeal to the general public as on his appeal to the amperage ladies of Hollywood, beginning with Clara Bow. Gary had played a small part with Clara in *Wings*, and was later cast as one of the male Its in It, and as co-star with her and Esther Ralston in *Children of Divorce*.

"Miss Bow," declared the young man in one of his longest public statements, "was very friendly and helpful."

Nobody seems to know just what terminated the romance, but many suspected mother trouble. Louella Parsons, in her life of Clara Bow, said that Mother Cooper used to call Gary at Clara's house and tell him it was late and time to go home. Anyhow, Clara took the situation philosophically. "It was wonderful while it lasted," she was quoted as saying. As

for Gary, he simply transferred his attentions to Evelyn Brent. All of which was by way of warming up for a three-year bout with romance in the frenetic person of Whoopee Lupe Velez.

Lupe "lopped Garee" and told the whole wide world about it, and Gary must have loved Lupe, for otherwise he would not have submitted so long to living her neon-lighted life in Laurel Canyon. Whatever it was, it finally burned itself out, and as a close friend of the pair well said, "nearly burned Gary out, too." He took it hard, and showed it. When he announced that he was going to take a sabbatical year in Africa, his friends thoroughly approved. Africa, they argued, would seem refreshingly cool—after Lupe.

Upon his return he became definitely hard to get. Not even his studio knew his telephone number; it was forced to communicate with him through his friend and manager, Jack Moss.

And he was doing all right with his disappearing act until the arrival on the Hollywood scene of Dorothy, Countess di Frasso.

Reports had already drifted over the Rockies of a beautiful Italian countess—descended, so it was whispered, from the Caesars—who had entertained Gary at her villa in Rome and had been one of the party of big-game hunters who invaded Africa. And now her presence made her and Gary objects of scrutiny from the town criers and spiers.

A lot of film columnists went into a "Cowboy and the Lady" routine. The "lady" part was all right. I knew Dorothy di Frasso in those days and found her charming. She wasn't descended from the Caesars any more than I am—she was just a rich New York girl, born Dorothy Taylor, who had become a countess by marrying a count. The point where the routine went sour was when it inferred, quite unjustifiably, that the "lady" had taken the "cowboy" in hand and was teaching him how to use his knife and fork.

For one thing, Gary Cooper wasn't



on Wonder Horse Flash.



With Clara Bow in *Children of Divorce*.



With Whoopee Lupe Velez in *Wolf Song*.



Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper dancing at Ciro's.

and never had been a cowboy. He was born in a big red-brick house in Helena, Montana, the son of a judge of the Montana Supreme Court. Judge Cooper owned a ranch near Helena. There young Frank learned to ride and shoot during summer vacations; at thirteen he spent a year there convalescing from an automobile accident; that was the extent of his cowhanging.

For another thing, Gary Cooper didn't need to be told how to use his knife and fork. The Coopers were cultured people descended from a line of clergymen, naval officers, and barristers going back to the sixteenth century. Gary himself spent three years abroad in a famous English school at Dunstable in Bedfordshire, where his ancestors for generations had been students, and later completed his academic studies at Grinnell College, Iowa.

★ OBVIOUSLY, the shy young man fresh out of college who came to Los Angeles in 1925 to look for a job as a newspaper cartoonist, and who tried extra work in the movies, was no more a cowboy than he was Louis B. Mayer. But there is a tradition in Hollywood that cowboys are lucky for the studios that feature them. The tall Montanan, from that standpoint, was a natural. His ability to handle a horse got him his first movie jobs, and his playing the part of a cowboy brought him his first movie success. This put the cowboy stamp upon him—and studio publicity did the rest.

As a matter of fact, Gary Cooper had long since become much more than a two-gun threat in top-line movie circles. Expecting to be fired for playing hooky in Africa without the studio's permission, he promptly

demanding twice his previous salary, and got it. He also got better parts—with Charles Laughton and Tallulah Bankhead in *Devil and the Deep*; with Helen Hayes in *A Farewell to Arms*; with Freddie March and Miriam Hopkins in *Design for Living*; with Marlene Dietrich in *Desire*—parts which alternated with swashbuckling appearances in the old Cooper manner.

The reunion with Marlene was especially auspicious. Gary, as the young Legionnaire in *Morocco*, had helped mightily in speeding her to American popularity. Now Marlene helped Frank Borzage to bring out in her stalwart American co-star the first real evidences of the grace and dexterity and subtlety which have marked his later performances in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Meet John Doe*, and the currently triumphant *Ball of Fire*.

★ MEETING Frank Capra was another prime factor in Gary's final emergence as a first-quality artist. To be sure, in *Mr. Deeds* he was cast to type. *Deeds was Cooper*. The actor gave a superb performance of himself, when almost any other leading man in Hollywood would have jazzed up the part.

His achievement in *Meet John Doe*, a much inferior picture, was even more remarkable, partly because the picture *was* inferior. In *Sergeant York* he had a tightly written, skillfully directed story in which it was hardly possible to go far wrong. Patriotic roles, however, are always full of pitfalls, and his agility in avoiding them was notable. In *Ball of Fire* he has achieved the even more difficult feat of sustaining a genuine emotional characterization in a frankly farcical situation. For my money, his *York* was good but his *Potts* is tops.

In no picture in which he has appeared since striking his big-time stride has he ever given a bad performance. Of no other star in Hollywood can this be truly written.

It is pretty well understood that he is to play Robert Jordan in his friend Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, if and when that masterpiece is permitted to reach the cameras. First, though, he must do something called *The Pride of the Yankees*—a screen biography of the late great Lou Gehrig, and the cause of considerable concern to the friends of both Lou and Gary. Lou would have hated to have his private life exposed to millions, and Gary must hate to be the one to do it. What's more, Lou Gehrig was physically a widely different type from Gary Cooper, and was a left-handed ballplayer, whereas Cooper is a right-handed movie actor. Padding and taping may cover up the physical discrepancies, and Sam Goldwyn had Lefty O'Doul working all last winter trying to rebuild Gary into a southpaw. Just the same, the betting is heavy that the screen's *Sergeant York* will make an even worse fielding first baseman than Rudy York!

The fuss people made over Gary's friendship with Dorothy di Frasso sickened him of Hollywood social life.

To the despair of the town's hostesses, he buried himself in the solitude of a San Fernando Valley ranch house. There he lived the life of a hermit—until one night in 1933, on one of his rare evenings in town, at the home of M-G-M Art Director Cedric Gibbons, he met Cedric's very young and very nice and wholly unpublicized niece, Veronica Balfe.

Veronica was hailed by Hollywood fan writers as a "socialite." Far more important was the fact that she was just the kind of girl you hoped Gary Cooper would marry—and that is pretty darned good. She had appeared briefly in three pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw; but the only career that meant anything to her after she met Gary was to be Gary Cooper's wife. She has worked steadily at that ever since, and has been getting prettier and prettier with every passing year.

The Coopers play backgammon, tennis, now and then a spot of golf. Like Gary himself, Rocky—that's his name for Veronica—dotes on horseback riding and is a crack shot with rifle and pistol. She won the California women's skeet championship in 1939. Occasionally they go off together on one-day hunting and fishing expeditions up Malibu way.

After a preliminary workout in the valley, they bought a three-and-a-half-acre plot out Brentwood way and built on it a long low Bermuda-style house, where they live completely surrounded by Great Danes, Doberman pinschers, Sealyhams, ducks, chickens, vegetables, and one baby, Marie Veronica, aged four, to whom her father insists on singing *I'm an Old Cowhand* and *Home on the Range*. Gary sings a good deal these days. Oh, Suzanna! is said to be his favorite—but all agree that no one can tell it from the others except by the words.

THE END

★ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ★

by Donald Gordon

IN THE YEARS OF OUR LORD, by Manuel Komroff.

It may well be that the new book your local Mrs. Wellread will be talking about at dinner tonight is one of the oldest stories in the world. For Mr. Komroff has retold the story of the New Testament.

Of course that's been done before, but never, I think, has it been presented in a form quite so readable, so effectively dramatized without any distortion or major variation of the Biblical version. Without the elaborate setting and involved development of Sholem Asch's *The Nazarene*—indeed, without attempting a single close-up of Jesus, the whole great play of personalities and political forces is made clear.

Jerusalem, the city, and the lands through which Christ traveled have been the subject of the author's study and speculation for many years. That will be apparent to readers, yet it would be misleading to tag his book as a "realistic" treatment in the usual sense. Perhaps it will suffice to say that it reads like a novel; that you would not have missed it for a lot. (Harper & Brothers.)

CRIPPS—BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR



Gandhi in Simla, arriving at the residence of the Viceroy to visit the Marquess of Linlithgow.

The future and hope and fate of an empire have been in his hands. Will his mission to India make him his people's next leader?

BY WALTER DURANTY

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

★ THE British speak of India as "the brightest jewel in the crown of Empire." Benjamin Disraeli won Queen Victoria's heart in 1876 when he suggested that Her Royal Majesty should become Empress of India. Actually, it's a miserable country, more than 90 per cent of whose population can neither read nor write in any language. Some of its native princes have incalculable wealth, but the income of the average Indian is less than fifty dollars a year. The British loudly claim that they have done great things for India. They point with pride to great dams and other public works, to education and hygiene. They say, and can prove it by statistics, that India has meant to the British Treasury more expenditure than receipts. Nevertheless, for nearly two hundred years India has been a milch cow on which tens of thousands of Englishmen have fattened and grown rich.

One thing the British have given to India which cannot be denied. They gave it peace. It is, you know, more a continent than a country, with a population of 353,000,000, who speak two hundred different languages. The provinces of so-called British India have a population of 289,000,000, and there are no less than 562 Indian states under Indian rulers, with a population of 63,000,000. Most of the

people are Hindu, 239,000,000; but there are 77,000,000 Moslems (Mohammedans), 6,300,000 Christians, and about 26,000,000 of other religions. How far the British have deliberately exaggerated or provoked religious and racial divergences is difficult to estimate. They say they have not done so; but one cannot forget that empires all follow the same pattern, and that the British, whose ruling minority still holds fast to its classical tradition, know the old Roman motto of "Divide and rule." To be frank, Britain took India by the sword and has held it by the sword, and by playing all manner of ends against all sorts of middles, with the racial and religious clash between Hindus and Moslems as the keystone of its policy.

Since 1757, when Clive won India at the Battle of Plassey, there has been only one serious challenge to British domination. Exactly a hundred years later, in 1857, the army of Bengal revolted—the "Indian Mutiny," as the British called it. By the skill and courage of a man named Nicholson, the Sikhs, who were India's stoutest fighters, helped Britain against the rebels, and the flame of revolt was quenched in blood. Since then there have been sporadic troubles, and a major war against Afghanistan in 1920-21 that was hardly noticed by history, but there was no grave threat to the placid British process of milking the Indian cow.

Not until President Woodrow Wilson flung his bombshell into Asia. His

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

Sir Stafford Cripps leaving the Foreign Office in London.



A street of Calcutta during the religious ceremony of the Moslem feast of Id-al-Fitr.



Chiang Kai-shek, who told India p

phrase, "the self-determination of peoples," reached Europe as he meant it, as encouragement and hope for Poles and Czechoslovaks and other gallant races who had lost their independence and were burning to win it back. But in Asia those words were dynamite. In India, British-ruled; in Burma, a British province; in Siam, which was British-controlled; in Persia and in China, old Asia began to stir and wonder, like Gulliver, whether it might not break its puny chains like packthread. A strange little man named Gandhi, who had been a lawyer in South Africa and studied in English schools, heard Wilson's words and was galvanized into action. "Self-determination of peoples—that means us," said Gandhi. "That means that we Hindus have the right to manage our own affairs."

I suppose that since Jesus Christ there has been no such man as Gandhi. Mild, meager, and ascetic, he deliberately put into practice the doctrine which Jesus preached, of turning the other cheek and opposing force by meekness. "Nonresistant non-co-operation" was the formula he found. It made the English sweat, and shook their hold on India as nothing had since the Mutiny. Gandhi played with symbols, with perhaps the greatest of all, the symbol that is salt. Americans do not know what salt can mean to the world. American farmers know, and men who have herds of cattle. To beasts and human beings salt is a prime necessity. In Russia in 1920, Lenin saw his revolution approach disaster because the Russian villages had been deprived of salt. He switched the whole course of his policy to give them salt. Another revolution, in France, which killed a king, had as one of its principal causes a salt tax, the hated "gabelle."

Gandhi led the Hindu population of India in a fantastic Salt Crusade. He went himself down to the sea and collected salt from its waters as a protest against the salt tax. His gesture was only symbolic, but it gave the British fits.

Wilson's words bore fruit. In India, the Hindus, led by Gandhi and a man named Nehru, were the quickest to react. They formed what is now known as the Congress Party

with a platform which aimed at full independence. They used the word "independence," but apparently they didn't and don't mean independence in the American sense; that is, they are prepared to remain within the British Empire. They would, it seems, be content with dominion status, like Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the Union of South Africa. These self-governing dominions have found it no slur on their "self-determination" to accept a British Governor General whose functions are approximately those of the King-Emperor in Britain. He does not determine the policies of the dominion. His function is advisory, and he acts as a liaison between the home country and the dominion. He also signs laws and opens bazaars and gives garden parties, like the King in England.

In India, however, the Viceroy has had an authority far greater. He is a potentate, like an American President. He has a Cabinet or executive council which is now composed of twelve members, eight Indians and four British, and like the American President he can override and veto any of his Cabinet's decisions. The Gandhi-Nehru Congress platform aims at reducing him to the position of Governor General in one of the white dominions, and thus making India free.

Unfortunately for the British, there is a Moslem fly in their Indian ointment. The Moslems number roughly 77,000,000 to the Hindu 239,000,000. In seven of the eleven British provinces of India the Hindus greatly outnumber the Moslems; but in the British-Indian army, which now totals around 2,000,000, the Hindus are a negligible factor and the Moslems are 60 per cent.

You thus see the problem which Sir Stafford Cripps has had to solve. On one side the Hindu majority, representing the industrial and economic force of India. On the other, the Moslem minority, representing the Indian army, with the Sikhs, who are Hindu dissidents. The British have often said that if their rule was removed there would not be left in three weeks a virgin or a rupee in the populous state of Bengal. It's boastful, but probably true, because the Hindu is

not a bellicose creature, and the Sikhs and the Pathans and the cruel tribes of the north would swoop upon southern India and treat it exceedingly rough. Or so the English say. In Madras and Bihar and Bombay and the United Provinces, the Hindu population is far greater than the Moslem, and in general the Hindus outnumber the Moslems by more than three to one. Therefore the Congress Party cold-bloodedly demands not only dominion status at once but the full control of India which its numerical preponderance warrants.

Here you come to the appalling crux of the problem. The Indo-British army has only 7 to 10 per cent of Hindus, although no one denies that the Hindus are a majority in India and are the most intelligent, best educated, and most politically conscious section of the Indian population. So on one side you have the Hindu Congress, which says bluntly, "All or nothing." On the other, a Moslem bloc which also rejects any compromise. The Moslems say, "Numbers don't count. We are the Indian army, and unless you give us full equality of seats in any future Congress we shall refuse to play." By all the rules of democracy, Hindus should have three representatives for every Moslem representative, but the Moslems don't feel like that. They say, "Either even Stephen or else it is no dice." They say, "We are the army, and isn't your empire at war? You will give us what we want, or else. . . ."

That is the situation which has confronted Sir Stafford. It isn't, as most people think, a matter of whether or not India should receive the status of a British dominion. Or whether the Viceroy's powers should be maintained or reduced. It's the old fundamental difference between Hindus and Moslems, which the British have turned to account and which now arises to haunt them.

It may be exaggeration, but I would almost say that the future and hope and fate of the mighty British Empire depends upon India now. They took it by the sword and must hold it by the sword. The white dominions, they know, will be loyal to the Crown and to the United States and to all that democracy stands for. But India is

not white, and its destiny hangs in the balance.

If Cripps has found a way between these clashing forces, if he soothed the Moslems and satisfied the Hindus, then he will rank above Churchill or Salisbury or Lord Burleigh, or the astute Disraeli, or any of England's statesmen. I think it's more than an even bet. Deliberately I have emphasized the obstacles in his path, the complex of contradictions and the new revolt of Asia, which says, "I want to be free; I am weary of foreign masters. I want a full dominion status, with freedom, like Australia or Canada or New Zealand." Asia says, India says: "I am tired of your foreign rule and your swanking English officers and civil servants and business men and all sorts of other English. I want my house to myself. Do you hear me? Before, it was what *you* wanted; now it is what *I* want."

But Sir Stafford Cripps was not without cards in his hand. He could say to the Hindu Congress: "I know you are a majority. I know you control the votes. I know you control the economic and productive powers of your country. But do you control its army?"

He could say to the Moslems: "You are the men who fight, but fighters are not enough. Behind fighters there must be guns and the whole economic machine."

He could say to both: "You may as well face the facts. It's we or the Japanese. We shall give you dominion status on terms which we ask you to choose, on terms I will help you to choose, within the British Empire. Or you will get Japanese domination. I ask you which you prefer."

I assume that he had full powers in negotiating with the Indian leaders. Naturally, any agreement he may reach will require ratification by the British Parliament; but he is not the kind of man to have undertaken such

a mission without feeling sure that he would be unhampered either by London or by the prodigious power of the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow. The latter is a well-meaning man of no outstanding capacity who can be counted upon to co-operate with Cripps and, what is more important, not to put sand in the gears.

When the Cripps mission was first announced, there were suggestions in some quarters that it was a political maneuver on the part of Winston Churchill to get rid of a potential rival for the post of British Premier. This suggestion was as vicious as it was absurd. It is no doubt true that Churchill's political opponents—he has many—were ready to seize upon Cripps as a younger and more vigorous candidate for the position in which, they say, Churchill's hands are growing tired. It is also true that the Conservative majority in the House of Commons does not accurately represent the present set-up of the British nation. A general election today would probably give the Labor Party a full majority in the House of Commons, as Churchill has recognized in the formation of his War Cabinet.

But, on the other hand, Cripps is not a Laborite in the ordinary sense of the word. To understand what I mean, you must know the mainspring which makes Britain's clock tick. It is the "old school tie." The English—the genuine English of England—are a most peculiar people. In the course of centuries they have come to divide themselves into two sections, those who speak correctly and those who do not. Every Englishman "places" all other Englishmen the moment they open their mouths. The fundamental shibboleth or touchstone is what's known as "dropping aitches." A man or woman who says "'ow" instead of "how" immediately and irrevocably belongs to the masses, not to the classes. You can say that this is snob-

bish, but every one who knows the English is aware that, as Thackeray said, they are a nation of snobs. It all dates, I think, back to the Norman Conquest, which arbitrarily divided England into the rulers and the ruled. Even a provincial or local accent or dialect which may not involve the dropping of aitches is regarded as a handicap. Yet to an Irish brogue or Scotch or Welsh dialect, all this somehow doesn't apply. Indeed, it is rather the opposite: Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen can almost be said to profit by their native dialects.

Some wit in London once described his country as "an island of awkwardness surrounded by a sea of good form." Awkwardness, one must presume, refers to the masses, to the twenty-five or so million English who do not speak "correctly" and are not sure of themselves. "Good form" is the old school tie, say the one million men, women, and children who do and are. Thus the lesser surrounds the greater.

The English learn to talk "correctly" at what they call public schools, meaning the opposite of what this phrase means in America. English "public" schools correspond to the expensive prep schools in this country, like Groton or St. Paul's. The phrase "old school tie" means, literally, no more than that such schools have alumni associations, as they do in the United States, whose members are entitled to wear the tie or other insignia of their particular school. But an Englishman who has attended one of these schools and learned to speak correctly is automatically admitted to a sort of freemasonry. He is, as they say, "one of us," and knows about "good form"—how to wear his clothes and how to behave himself. There are three such schools in England, and a score of others that ape them. Eton, Harrow, and Winchester have so ancient a tradition—Tradition, never forget, is England's middle name—that the mere fact of having studied at any one of them gives any Englishman the social status without which he does not happily exist.

Stafford Cripps went to Winchester, which has a reputation for scholarship which brings it up level with



This Indian officer is inspecting a camp guard in a village in England—which they reached via Dunkirk.



Richest man alive: the Nizam of Hyderabad.

the slightly superior social standing of Eton and Harrow; the fact of having been there puts a man into the magic inner circle of the people who run England. Laborites and nouveaux riches can and do invade that circle, but the English who belong there feel as St. Paul once said: "I am a Roman born. I am a Roman citizen."

Thus Cripps went to India, and went earlier to Russia, not as a Socialist but as one of the Eton-Harrow-Winchester group which directs the British Empire. He had a free hand to make terms, a free hand and a clear brain. I don't doubt that he will succeed. There is a possible compromise between the demands of the Hindu Congress and the expressed determination of Moslems. Cripps can give them this and Cripps can deny them that, but the net result of his deal must be an accommodation between the Hindu demand for supremacy and the Moslem demand for equality. Cripps is intrepid, integral, and persuasive. I imagine he will find his compromise through the aid of the Indian princes of the 562 native states which retain their independence but play along British lines. The biggest and most important of these native Indian states is Hyderabad, whose population is 14,000,000 and whose Nizam, or Maharajah, is the richest man in the world, possessor of an incalculable store of jewels and gold. The Nizam's wealth is unlimited.

★ IF Cripps is as smart as I think him, he can play a pretty chess game. Give the Congress, the Hindus, a full majority vote. And say to them coldly, "Yes, but we are fighting a war, and soldiers outweigh numbers. The Moslems fight for us, and your people do not. So we must give the Moslems weight, and here is what I propose. I propose that you have representation in the Indian Parliament, in the Parliament of free India, with full dominion status, approximate to your numbers. I propose that you have two deputies in this new free Indian Parliament for every Mohammedan deputy. That gives you a majority. But what of the native states? And what, I ask, of Nepal, the Gurkhas who fight our battles, which you, my dear sirs, do not? We have to consider the Gurkhas, and the native states as well. So now I tell you my answer, which you can take or leave. You say it's all or nothing, and I say compromise."

"I will give you two hundred votes in a council of five hundred. And give the Moslems eighty. That leaves two hundred and twenty. The Sikhs get sixty of those, which leaves one hundred and sixty. A hundred go to the princes, to the native states of India, to the Nizam of Hyderabad and the other native states. The sixty go to the others, the ones you call Untouchables, the men without caste or standing, who number fifty millions."

In that way you get a balance which the Indians will not like and the English will not like and the Viceroy

will not like, but it may be a working balance.

If Stafford Cripps were a Laborite, he would have little chance of success; but being one of the "inside English," he can talk turkey with Lord Linlithgow or even with Winston Churchill. He can make a deal with India, he *must*, and the Parliament of Britain will have to accept his terms. The Indian Congress (the Hindus) demand full independence, with an electoral system based on the number of voters that would give them a two-thirds majority in any House of Representatives. The power and authority of the Viceroy would be reduced to a nominal level. The Moslem program is similar as far as Indian autonomy is concerned, but they insist that *separate* elections be held in every area where the Hindus are numerically superior, so that every Hindu deputy would be balanced by a Moslem deputy. The Moslem provinces would naturally return Moslems, and so they would have a majority in Parliament. These demands seem unreasonable and conflict with the basic principles of democratic government; but the Moslem leader, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, has refused to abate one jot or tittle, and threatened to boycott any alternative scheme. His threat had behind it the weighty fact that nearly three fifths of the Indian army is Moslem.

The Sikhs number around 5,000,000. They are not under Congress control, but their ancient allegiance and loyalty to Britain was painfully sapped by the slaughter of some 400 persons at Amritsar in 1919, when a British general turned machine guns upon an unarmed crowd of Sikh demonstrators. There has been no such evil deed since the military governor of St. Petersburg made a similar reply to a Russian demonstration in front of the Winter Palace in the spring of 1905. That massacre planted the seeds of the Bolshevik Revolution which cost Czar Nicholas his life as well as his crown. The Sikhs may prove less vengeful. Or may not.

★ THE Hindu Congress has brandished with some effect the case of Chandra Bose, an Indian Nationalist leader whose views were so extreme that last year he sought refuge in Axis territory, from which he broadcasts fiery anti-British propaganda. He has influence, but it is probably not so great as Congress would like the British to believe.

A possible trump in the British hand is another Hindu leader, Bahadur Sapru, who may play an important part in the negotiations. He is more inclined to compromise with the British than the Congress leaders.

Last, but perhaps not least, are the Indian princes, hereditary rulers of the 562 native states. Most of them have little love for the British, but for reasons of policy they are likely to oppose the Congress ideas of Indian democracy, and therefore may be considered a somewhat lukewarm asset to the British cause.

By a fantastic paradox, the most vital and dominating personality in the British-Indian negotiations was absent. That is Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese generalissimo. His recent dramatic visit to India did, in truth, pave the way for the Cripps mission, and perhaps saved the "brightest jewel" for the British Crown. Chiang Kai-shek told the Indians bluntly that they no longer had a choice between the British "yoke," as they called it, and independence. "Your choice," he said, "is simpler than that and more hazardous. Either you will resolve your internal dissensions and agree to take your place as one of the United Nations which fight for freedom and democracy, or you will become the slaves of the Japanese. I speak to you from China, whose richest cities and territory today lie prostrate under Japanese feet. You think perhaps that it cannot happen here, but I know better. You may say that you have little reason to make a deal with the British. I am fully aware of that and do not forget that the Nationalist cause of China, which I have had the honor to direct along the path first traced by my master, Sun Yat-sen, set out at its inception fifteen years ago, when we first marched from Shanghai to Nanking, with the slogans of 'China for the Chinese,' and 'Down with the foreign devils.'

"Today we Chinese patriots face a more dreadful evil—'China for the Japanese.' There, my friends, is your choice: to meet the British halfway—they will give you more than halfway—and join China and the Soviet Union and the United States of America, yes, and even the British in the war against the Axis; or to stab us all in the back, and by refusing to co-operate, give the greatest aid and comfort to a foe who knows no pity."

★ THE full story of Chiang Kai-shek's visit to India has yet to be written. I am told that he made a profound impression upon Gandhi and Nehru, Hindu leaders, but was less successful in his appeal to the Moslem, Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Nevertheless, Chiang made possible the compromise which Cripps has gone to implement. Writing now, sight unseen, I consider that the intervention of Chiang Kai-shek gives Cripps a six-to-four edge on the game. He has the most arduous job that ever confronted a man. It is hard to think of any one, except perhaps Abraham Lincoln, upon whose shoulders rested such responsibility. Cripps has the advantage of personal acquaintance—I might almost call it comradeship—with the Indian leaders and with Chiang Kai-shek, not to mention the Russians, whose rôle may not be without influence in this interplay of forces. If Cripps succeeds, he will save the British Empire, and his reward is clear. Such success would mean that he would take the reins of the highest office when Winston Churchill relinquishes them. This is the test of Cripps, the high moment of his life.

THE END



LORD & TAYLOR

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

☆ ARUNDELL CLARKE brings us Scottish tweeds, the importation of which has been decreased only 5 per cent by Axis submarines. Schooled at Sandhurst (England's West Point), veteran of an India cavalry regiment, he's spent six months of his two American business years buying woollens for us in war-locked Britain. . . . "Bombings," he told me, "have had a peculiar effect on the work of the weavers, all of whom invent their own designs and color combinations. They used to be inspired by the soft heather hues of the landscape—but no more. Most of my tweeds come from parts of Scotland where blackouts are total and constant; as a reaction, the weavers now send me patterns so vivid that many are too loud for marketing. A German bomber crashed on a hillside near the Cree woolen mills, and the next shipment of swatches was all flame-colored." . . . In England, he said, styles have gone extremely feminine again, because the boys grew weary of seeing girls militarized in mannish at-

tire. Beauty parlors and hair-do studios are rushed for the same reason. Men long at war want women as pretty and womanly as possible. . . . While movie moralists here find girls in sweaters shocking, wartime England takes the sweated girl to its heart. When you wash a sweater, wool man Clarke informs you, a half cup of salt in the last rinsing water will keep the color bright and prevent stains from the wool's natural oil.

☆ ASSIGNED to do a picture story of song star Dinah Shore at home, press photographers walked into complications, for she's a camera expert on the side, hep to all the technique. She superintended the job.

☆ WAR work's extra duties give a business woman little leisure to preen for evening dates, so Helena Rubinstein has timetabled her before-dinner dip and change to a twenty-five-minute dash. Here's her schedule: . . . Strip fast and put garments away

without dawdling. Clean face with cream and astringent, then pat on tissue cream. Tiptoe to bath, arms raised high as possible over head. Stretching is concentrated rest! Handful of perfumed salts in bath. Relax completely in water for five minutes. Out! Towel in both hands, arms and legs stretched wide, body bent, knees straight. Rub legs and back; bend to one side; straighten while rubbing; same on other side. You should have ten minutes left for make-up and clothes. Snap into the routine, and you'll step out feeling fresh as a daisy, says Helena.

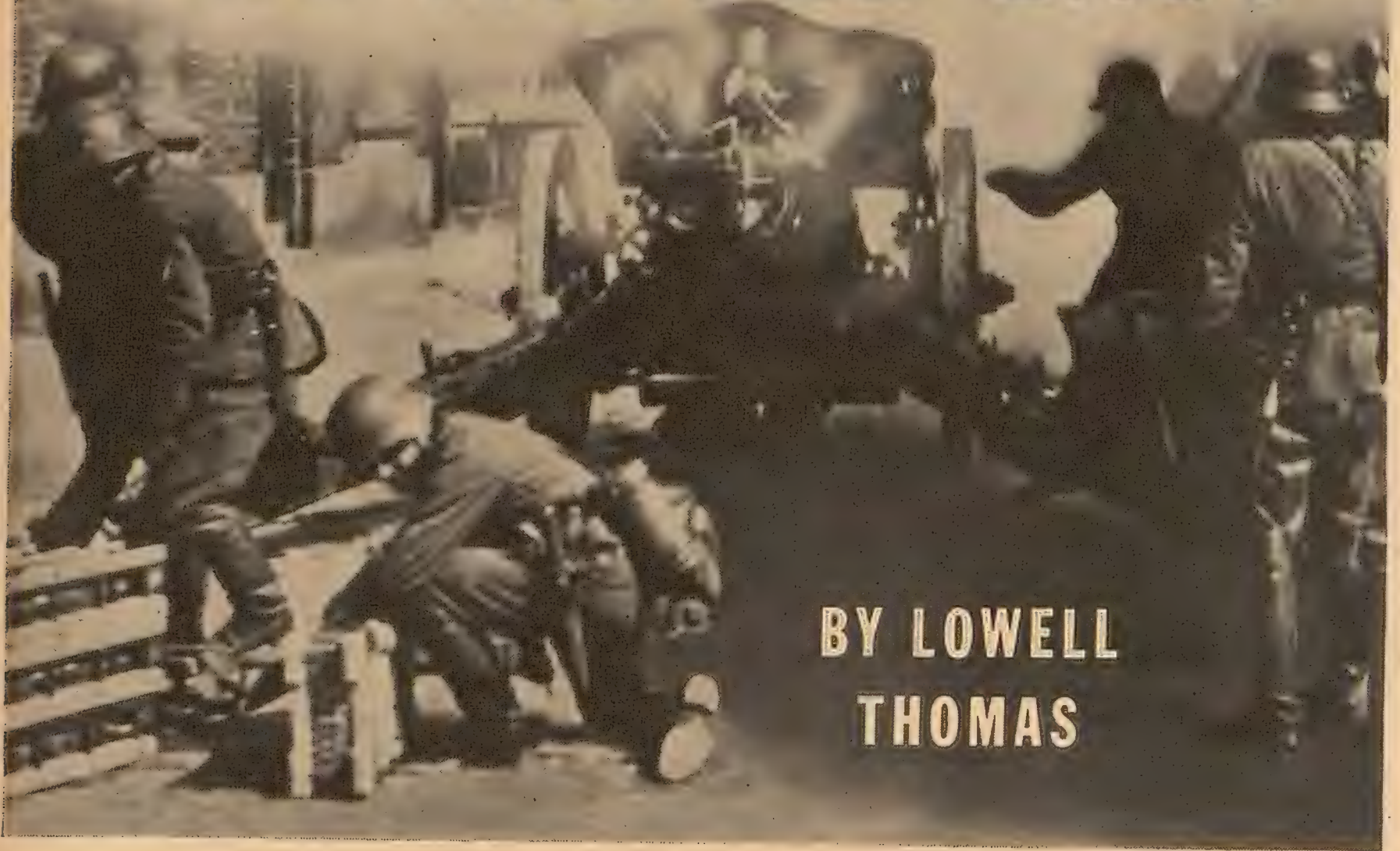
☆ "IS it correct," writes a young California lady, "for a girl to order a lone cocktail or highball when she's out with a man who doesn't drink?" . . . Depends, I should say, on whether she really wants one, or merely takes a drink socially. Yes in the first case; no in the second.

☆ WE'RE getting back to the slang of 1776, when macaroni meant dude. Remember what Yankee Doodle called the feather he stuck in his hat? . . . Now a new Hollywood fad uses *real* macaroni for feminine adornment, since the War Production Board has banned tin costume jewelry, armament work needing all our tin. . . . Ask a grocer for shell macaroni. Shaped like sea shells, it comes in several sizes. Brush the tips with water to soften, so you can pierce them with a thick needle. Paint with quick-drying enamel in any color desired—finger-nail lacquer will do. Dry on a cake rack. String on cord or twist silk in matching or contrasting colors. Attach a clasp, and there you are! You can make macaroni bracelets and necklaces that will be striking and smart.

☆ INTERESTING letter from Margaret Simpson, Valentine, Nebraska, about a war savings effort organized by women through a new group of clubs called *Victory Belles*. Members pledge a cash contribution to victory for every sum they spend on their own entertainment—movies, parties, etc. Each month the club funds thus collected are donated to defense or war charity.

☆ HOTEL chefs tell us green peas are the public's first all-year vegetable choice. A delicious and unusual way of serving them at lunch or supper parties is with tuna in this *Jersey Salad*: . . . Carefully mix 2 cups chilled cooked green peas with ½ cup mayonnaise thinned with a little cream. Heap in middle of platter and sprinkle with chopped parsley and paprika. Around peas arrange border of lettuce leaves, each leaf filled with flaked tuna fish mixed with 1 tablespoon minced green peppers and 1 tablespoon ground nuts to each cup tuna. Between lettuce leaves place small mounds of shredded celery and pimento. Just before serving, dress each leaf with 1 teaspoon plain French dressing. Hot bran muffins make a perfect accompaniment.

NEW BATTLEGROUND— THE MIDDLE EAST



BY LOWELL
THOMAS

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ BETWEEN the Mediterranean and the River Oxus lies a land that means more to us, to our religion and our culture, than any other—excepting, of course, our own. I mean the land which was the cradle of our civilization, where the wheel was invented, also the arch and the alphabet, and the birthplace of our religion.

While you are reading this, American soldiers are streaming into this region which has been the theater of a panorama of history such as no other portion of the earth's surface has known, the scene of wars past counting. Within a few weeks, or months, the odds are that it will have become once more a battleground—and the most crucial battleground of all.

The section of the earth that I refer to is rather hard to define because it includes a part of two continents, Africa and Asia. And the British High Command has, for the purposes of this war, named it the Middle East.

If Hitler can break through there,

say the military, the consequences not only to the British but to ourselves will be disastrous. The first consequence would be the joining of Nazi and Japanese hands in India. The second would be to shut us out of Asia and its resources. Finally, we would be unable to send help either to the Red armies or to the forces of Chiang Kai-shek. And then we, the richest country in the world, would be so short of certain raw materials that many of our factories would be shut down until we found substitutes within our reach.

That is why the strategists are watching the Middle East with vigilance and anxiety. That is also why, as Winston Churchill told us last December, so much of our lease-lend material was sent to the Middle East at the cost of sacrificing Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies.

Why should an area largely desert, nearly 5,000 miles away from our easternmost shores, an area of alien peoples, tongues, and customs, have suddenly grown into a source of menace to us?

The region we now call the Middle East has always been a critical, even

a mystical factor at the most important moments in the life of civilized man. Hilaire Belloc puts it this way:

"It has been the place of meeting and of shock between opposing cultures and men, of conflict between those forces which sweep and mould the world beyond all others, which are supreme above all others, those

WIDE WORLD PH



An Australian convoy from Palestine, bound for Egypt, crosses a typical stretch of the desert.

sources from which all cultures flow—religions."

In the term "Middle East" as marked on British war maps today we have to adjust ourselves to a new conception. Most of the lands it comprises—Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Iraq (Mesopotamia)—were known until quite recently, for political purposes, as the Near East. But the scope of modern campaigns is so vast that the British Supreme War Council established headquarters at Cairo and placed the entire region from the shores of the Mediterranean to the northwestern frontiers of Hindustan under one unified command. Since it comprised not only Syria, Lebanon, Trans-Jordan, and Iraq but also Iran (Persia) and Afghanistan in Central Asia, they called it Middle East, and it is more convenient for us to accept this than to insist upon geographical accuracy.

Roughly speaking, the Middle East as so defined is the equivalent of the empires of Cyrus the Great, Xerxes, Darius the Mede, Alexander the Great.

In the passage from Hilaire Belloc quoted above he was referring more specifically to Syria, Palestine, and, by inference, Mesopotamia, which we know today by its Arabic name of Iraq. It is that part of the Middle East where the big battle probably will be fought and, incidentally, it is the part which most captures our imagination and means most to us.

Always the British government of India kept an eager eye upon the Persian Gulf and the Tigro-Euphrates valleys. British warships suppressed the pirates in the gulf and, little by little, British agents established suzerainty over the Arab chiefs along the gulf.

They even went so far as to promote surveys of the rivers and of proposed railway routes and to investigate the old canal system.

In the so-called first World War that historic old region again became a battleground, but in curious fashion. Eventually it was there that Germany's line first cracked. But the British began their Middle East campaign hesitatingly, warily. The government of British India was most

timid, afraid of that old chimera, a jihad—the holy war which the Turkish caliphate was supposed to be able to proclaim and by which it could mobilize all Islam against the Entente. Everybody who really knew the Arabs and the other Mohammedan peoples knew the fear was groundless, that Pan-Islamism had long become a thing of the past.

Well, the Anglo-Indian tycoons were persuaded with difficulty to consent to the Mesopotamian expedition and to risk the possibility of a holy war.

The result was the Kut el-Amara disaster, which happened because the British, as before and since, sent a boy on a man's errand. General Townshend, with one division, advanced up the river from the gulf, defeated the Turks, and drove them before him. He did so well that the war cabinet made the mistake of underestimating the Turks. They ordered poor Townshend to keep going and take Bagdad. The army he had just defeated was a ragged, poorly equipped force officered by Arabs who hated the Turks. But now he came up against a different adversary: Field Marshal von der Goltz, "von der Goltz Pasha," with a first-rate army.

Townshend, finding himself beleaguered in Kut, tried in vain to buy himself out, and was forced to capitulate unconditionally with 13,309 British officers and men.

Not until 1917 did another British army, commanded by Sir Stanley Maude, retrieve that humiliation by the capture of Bagdad.

Meanwhile, next door in Arabia the amazing T. E. Lawrence had been at work among the Arabs, and Allenby, a real general, had been assigned to undo the blunders of his predecessors in Palestine. With Lawrence and the Emir Feisal at the head of the Arabs, Allenby captured Jerusalem and defeated the Germans and Turks under Liman von Sanders at the battle of Samaria. The first week in October, 1918, Feisal and his Arabs made a triumphant entry into Damascus. It came almost as a signal for the complete collapse of Germany.

Next followed another sorry chap-

ter in the history of the Middle East, much too long to be told in detail. Allenby kept the British promises to the Arabs by putting Feisal on the throne at Damascus. This did not suit the French, who threw him out. Winston Churchill became Colonial Secretary in London, put Lawrence on the job. Lawrence made Feisal King of Iraq and his brother Abdullah King of Trans-Jordan. After which Lawrence declared his work was done, threw up his job, and went home to become Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw.

Feisal was a good king. He was honest and intelligent and strong. So also were his officers, including the brilliant Ja'afar Pasha al-Askeri and Nuri Said Pasha, who joined the cabinet and became, in turn, Prime Ministers. But when Feisal died, his son, King Ghazi, did not show the same stuff. There was an endless tug o' war between the pro-British and anti-British—eventually the pro-Nazi factions. Nazi doctrines took a great hold on some of the Arab officers in the Iraqi army. Of course the Iraqi population at large cared nothing about Nazism or Fascism or any ism. But the Hitler shibboleth appeals to many an army officer. Dr. Grubbe, the Nazi minister at Bagdad, was a most effective propagandist with words, promises, and outright bribes.

The culmination of all this was the revolt of June, 1940, and a massacre at Bagdad in which 12,000 people were slaughtered, plundered, and driven away. The British managed to hold on to the airport, which was besieged for months. Eventually it took an expeditionary force to restore order, and since then Iraq has been to all intents and purposes British soil.

The upheaval in Iraq was considerably nurtured by the Jew vs. Arab troubles in Palestine, of course. The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, on the run from Palestine, was in Bagdad helping the Nazis with both speech and gold. The consequences of the Balfour Declaration, which obliged the British to try to carry water on both shoulders, were a pain and a headache all over the Middle East and a great help to the Nazi agents in their arguments.

However, it seems reasonable to

ACME PHOTOS



Australian soldiers resting at the foot of a precipice on the well guarded Syrian frontier.



A British cavalry regiment on the move in northern Palestine, "the birthplace of our religion." The town in the background is Nazareth, the scene of Christ's childhood.



The Emir Saud, crown prince of Saudi Arabia.



Arriving in Bagdad to guard the Middle East, British troops wash up under the palms.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

believe that the British have the region well enough under control not to have any fear of being stabbed in the back by discontented Arabs. Ibn Saud, the strong, intelligent, and powerful ruler over most of Arabia, might make trouble, but he receives a handsome yearly retainer from London, which he uses to make his people better off. With the help of the Free French, the British are well established in control of Syria, particularly Damascus, which in a military sense is the key to that part of Asia. Control of Iran they share with Soviet Russia, and there is nothing so extremely new about that except that it is wielded openly and with strong military force.

In religion the Middle East is part of Islam, but, as we have seen, Pan-Islamism is a myth. There are as strong animosities between the Mohammedan races as between those professing Christianity.

The Middle East looms up as the coming battleground for two reasons.

The first is the oil wells and pipe lines that Hitler covets. Some of the wells in Iraq are of such antiquity that they are mentioned by Herodotus. Hitler needs those oil fields—which are rich but not nearly as rich as ours. Oil is the principal source of the wealth of Iran as well as Iraq.

Second, there is the road to India. As the fortunes of war run at this writing, the army of the United Nations has been badly pushed around in Burma. If the Japanese break through, there seems small hope of keeping them out of India. There are a million soldiers in the Indian army but precious little modern equipment, a small air force that we are rushing to increase, and only 3,000-odd motor units. With the Japanese in control of India from the east, and Hitler in possession of Iraq and Iran and the road from the west, the prospect would be terrifying.

Taking the Führer at his word, we can expect him to try to crash those Iraqi-Iranian oil fields and the road

to the Khyber Pass through the Caucasus. But the Allies are also most keenly on the watch against any Nazi attempt to go through either Turkey or Syria. The strength of the army of the Middle East is a military secret, though probably not from the Nazi High Command. We know that it is being mechanically reinforced every week with both planes and tanks from America. We also know that Australian troops have been withdrawn for the defense of their homeland. Still, there is a powerful force under the command of General Auchinleck, who is the boss, the bull o' the woods in that region.

As this is being written, there comes word of a British attack on the island of Rhodes. Of course the obvious purpose of that is the protection of Cyprus. If the Axis could get Cyprus, its planes would be in an easy position for the bombing of the Middle East army in Syria and Palestine. Also for an attempt at a landing on the coast of Lebanon or at Latakia. A lot of guessing is being done about Cyprus, and probably yours is as good as that of the average Cypriot. One conjecture is that Hitler might order the capture of the island so as to threaten Turkey and persuade the Turks to come in on his side.

There is more optimism about the possible defense of Cyprus than there was about Crete. The principal argument is that the British and American fighter planes, based on the mainland in Lebanon, have less distance to fly for the protection of Cyprus than did the British fighters trying to defend Crete. But, reading between the lines, one gathers that the seizure of Cyprus by parachute troops is not impossible.

When all is said, however, the Battle of the Middle East is no independent affair. It depends on events in Russia, in Australia, in Burma. No campaign is isolated in this war. But one prediction seems safe: that ancient theater of history is going to be a battleground again, and that not far ahead.

THE END

THE MAN WHO INVENTED DIVE-BOMBING

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

★ "SOCKO" REAGAN never heard of Stukas and the Germans never heard of Socko Reagan. For that matter, very few Americans have heard of him—and the amazing reason is that this American who invented dive bombing did so in direct violation of regulations, and then had to conceal his history-making discovery for fear of a general court-martial.

Here is how it all began—and ended. Socko Reagan—his real name was Elmo, but no one ever called him that—was a United States marine. Until this writer conferred with the Historical Section of the Bureau of Aeronautics, not even the Navy Department knew the exact circumstances. Just to make doubly sure, I called Colonel W. P. T. Hill on the phone. He had served with Reagan.

"Colonel," I said, "I have an article in mind about, strangely enough, our old friend Socko Reagan. The reason is—"

"You don't have to tell me," interrupted the colonel. "Socko Reagan is the father of dive bombing." He went on to tell me that Reagan was obsessed with the idea and talked about little else the whole time their marine squadron was hunting German submarines in the Azores.

"Did he put it to a test?" I asked.

"Not in the Azores. They wouldn't let him."

So there is no question about the facts. A little more than a year later, at the muddy little marine field at Quantico, Virginia, Socko did put it to a test. I was a witness to the startling results, and in a way I was a fellow conspirator.

Socko was a stocky, two-fisted lad of twenty-three when he left his native Overton, Texas, to enlist as a private in the Marine Corps. He was inquisitive, mechanical-minded.

Reagan wanted promotion and he wanted to fly. In a remarkably short time he had battled his way up through the ranks to the warrant officer's grade of marine gunner, wangled his way into the aviation section, learned to fly. When I first met him he was performing all the duties of a naval aviator, and couldn't call himself one. The first of the amazing and contradictory technicalities which were to haunt his career had intervened—and we are coming back to that.

As Colonel—then Captain—Hill

says, it was while serving in the Azores that Socko got his big idea. There the pilots were wrestling with the same old-fashioned level-flight bombing sights which were giving us trouble in France. All of us were missing our targets with great regularity and by prodigious distances.

Socko stood it as long as he could. Then he marched in to the major.

"If you'll let me point the nose of one of these crates straight down," said Socko, "and aim the bomb by aiming the whole airplane, I'll show you how to blow any target to smithereens!"

"You're crazy!" barked the major. "The wings will fall off. We haven't any parachutes. It isn't practicable."

It was late on a Saturday afternoon in the second winter after the war when Socko finally took the bit in his teeth and tried it. Both of us were stationed at Quantico. We still had no parachutes. That morning Socko had been refused permission for at least the twentieth time. But the afternoon was lowering and cold and the station was almost deserted when Socko wheeled out a Hispano-motored Jenny and loaded two bombs aboard. The bombs were dummies so the noise would not advertise the experiment. The Jenny's wing fittings were reputedly stronger than those of our DHs. Those were the only concessions that Socko made to regulations, or to the strong possibility of getting killed.

Moored in the center of a near-by creek was a thirty-foot-square wooden bombing target which was a thorn in all our sides because even with our added war experience we were still unable to hit it. I was just as curious as everybody else as to whether Socko could hit it now.

He did, and how! At about twenty-five hundred feet he rolled a wing down, nosed gently into a dive. In so doing, he had instinctively employed much the same entrance technique as that in use today. The reason—since established by much experimenting—



Reagan started it in an old Jenny. Here's the latest and, the Navy says, the deadliest!

is that when a pilot pushes straight forward into a dive, centrifugal force throws him up against his safety belt and out of his seat, and he never gets firmly back into it until the dive is finished. That impairs his control and ruins his aim.

The entrance was gentle, but not the dive! A thousand feet lower the wings were howling, the motor roaring—and he was still coming! That was when the handful of us who were watching found ourselves instinctively scattering, heading for cover.

Then I looked back and saw the first of the bombs cut loose from the plane. It knifed straight for the target, smashed through the boards, left a great jagged hole.

Socko never dropped the second bomb, and for a good reason. It was hard enough to repair the damage from the first! By the time he landed the plane, the phone was ringing. A sergeant major at post headquarters had heard the scream of the dive and wanted to know what in hell was going on down there.

Later the two of us checked up the Jenny. The wires were undoubtedly a bit loose. Probably our old equipment would not stand it as a regular diet. And that, plus the fear of disciplinary action, is the reason the first experiment in dive bombing went into history as nothing more than a softly mentioned legend—to be revived when parachutes were commonplace and stronger airplanes were built.

By that time the originator had been lost in the shuffle. Then, in 1931, while Socko was stationed at Pensacola, his plane crashed into the water and he was killed. Socko Reagan was too good a pilot to do a thing like that through error, so something must have gone wrong. What, no one will ever know.

And here is one for anybody's book: Although the law was later changed and Reagan's all-round ability recognized, at the time the man who invented dive bombing could not be officially classified as a pilot because regulations did not then provide for pilots below the rank of second lieutenant.

He could not even call himself an aviator.

THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

A LOT TO LEARN

BY GORDON RAMSEY

Every one of us knows a Steve . . . A few know an Ida May. But they don't always know each other

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

★ THROW back your head and sing, Steve, I say to myself as I walk along the shipways where the destroyers are being built. The sky is blue, isn't it? The sun is warm and bright—and not every one has a soft job in the Chickagoula Shipyard, where they pay off once a week like the jack pot of a slot machine. Jingle the dough in your jeans, Steve—and warble.

So I sing and hook a ride on one leg of the big crane, just for the fun of it: It's not going my way, but who cares? A lot of other shipworkers are walking around the yard just like me, and I can't tell by looking at them whether they're on business or just walking around. Neither can they tell about me.

It takes Jerry to tell about me—Jerry the slave driver. He's still welding seams on the deck of 251, the first destroyer, when I finally get back to the job.

"You were gone a long time," he says from behind his mask. I'm Jerry's helper and I'm supposed to do as he

says, but at the same time there's no ball and chain on me and the pay I draw comes out of the shipyard and not out of him.

"Big line at the stock room, Jerry. I had to wait."

It's the truth. There's always a big line at the stock room.

"The line wasn't that big," says Jerry.

He cuts the arc and straightens up. Oh-oh—here it comes. Down goes the torch and off come the leather gloves from his big hands. Then he tips back the metal hood and wipes at the black dust caked on his face with sweat. I can see the whites of his eyes plain.

"I've found out about you and the stock room," he says slowly. "You pick up bets for the numbers."

"So now you know."

"Now I know," he says.

Jerry's a hog for work, and boy—do they push it to him! They give him all the tight places where he has to weld upside down. He breathes smoke and burns holes in himself with hot slugs. I didn't think he'd ever find out about the numbers, because when he drops that welder's mask over his face it's like blinders on a horse. But I'm not worried. Over on the next job it's the timekeeper who takes bets, and in the machine shop it's the snapper. If it's all right for them to take bets it's all right for me.

"Why don't you follow me around

with a bayonet?" I say. "You could jab me in the pants once in a while."

"It's the time you waste," he says. "Your time and every one else's. It goes against the job."

"Aw—what's a couple of minutes?"

He just looks at me.

"You're a wise kid, Steve," he says. "The only trouble is, you don't know anything. . . . Switch to 650," he says, pulling his hood over his face again.

I go to the wagon and jump the amperage to 650, like he wants. Who does Jerry think he is, anyway? Is it his shipyard? Is it his time? I guess there must be more than four thousand men on the day shift at the Chickagoula Shipyard. Three shifts, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The work's hard and the men get tired. They all have their own little ways of taking a blow once in a while. Two or three times a shift they go for a drink of water, and two or three times a shift they knock off for a smoke. So why can't they take a little time out to bet on the numbers?

Laugh it off, Steve, I say to myself. Make allowances. But why can't the big sap mind his own business? I don't butt in on what he wants to do—why should he butt in on me?

★ NEAR the wagon I meet Stoney Max, stealing a smoke. Now there's a guy I like. There's hot stuff. He's got a nifty green coupé with a convertible top, and all he wants is

a good-looking jane to make merry with him until the time comes when he has to sign up for the draft. Stoney Max is eighteen and so am I.

"What's the dirt on 251?" he says. "They say she won't slide tomorrow like they thought. You guys laying down?"

"Don't you start worrying, Stoney Max. I get enough of that up there."

Stoney Max laughs. He knows about Jerry.

"I was just thinkin' about the big dance," he says. "It's to celebrate the launching, and they might put it off if the ship's not ready. And we got those two blondes from Mobile, remember?"

Oh, boy—those blondes from Mobile!

"They won't put off any dance," I say. "People want their fun, no matter how things go at the yard. We only live once."

He goes back to his job and I go back to mine. At noon the whistle blows, and, honest, Jerry is so afraid the work won't keep he hates to

knock off for lunch! At the side gate we file past the nearsighted guard, and instead of showing my real badge I flash the phony with Hitler's picture on the front. The guard looks at it and says "O. K., boy," and I go through. Some fun! But Jerry doesn't like it. Jerry doesn't like anything that's done for a laugh. The big sour-puss wouldn't crack a smile at the funniest gag in the world.

Behind the counter in the restaurant is Ida May, as usual, handing out box lunches at fifty cents each. Ida May's a lot better than the Mobile blondes, but she's harder to date because her ideas are different. Hands off. It's a shame, too. She could really go places if she wanted to—big brown eyes, a swell build, and thick dark hair that makes a guy want to touch it. I don't have much luck with Ida May right now, but I keep pounding away. She's bound to break down.

"Hi, beautiful. One garbage."

"One lunch," she says.

"How about me and you at the big

squirm tomorrow night, Ida May? I've got a date already, but I'll break it for you."

"Fifty cents," she says.

I hold out a half dollar, and when her hand comes over for it I tickle her palm with my big finger.

"I wish you'd grow up," she says.

She drops my dough in the register and that's all for me. Jerry is next. He'd like to be special with Ida May, too, but he doesn't know how. He's slow on the opening shot, his come-backs are heavy, and all he can talk about is the work. So he just gives her his money and takes his lunch.

After a while the counter line thins out and Ida May comes out from behind and sits at a table to sell defense stamps.

That's what I mean about Ida May having different ideas.

"Stamps, Steve?"

"Who—me?"

She knows I never have any spare change for anything but the numbers. Here's the way I figure: Buy a two-bit stamp and what have you got? A two-

Jerry would like to be special with Ida May, but he doesn't know how.





"He wants to enlist as an observer—says he can see two directions at the same time!"

bit stamp. Play the numbers for two bits, and wow—you've got a possible pay-off of one hundred and twenty-five bucks! Five hundred to one! You don't have to wait ten years, either.

"If I ever hit the pool, Ida May—"

"Yes, I know," she says.

It's Jerry who's the sucker for stamps. He buys some every day. And it's not just to please Ida May, either. He gets a real kick out of sticking them in a book.

"How's the work going, Jerry?" says Ida May.

"Two fifty-one might not launch," he says.

"Oh—that's too bad!" She looks up at him, and—holy jinx, what is this? Her eyes go wonderful and her mouth opens just a little bit. "Are you going to the dance, Jerry?" she says.

I guess I've asked Ida May to go to the dance with me twice a day ever since we knew there was going to be a dance, and I know about ten other guys who have done the same, and all she's said to me is no!

"I'd like to go," says Jerry, looking at her hair. "It all depends on 251—overtime, I mean."

"We could go late," she says. "I'd wait for you."

"If she launches," he says. "Otherwise I'll work all night."

How does a guy get that way—will somebody please tell me? It's beyond me. I can't figure it out—so I shrug my shoulders and head for the corner table in the back where Snyder always sits. Snyder is the outside man for the numbers, and he likes to have

all bets in at noon because that gives him a chance to take in the action to the big bankers and have everything ready before the winning number comes in.

It works out neat.

The winning number is the last three figures of the pari-mutuel totals from a race track in Rhode Island. There's an hour's difference in time between Chickagoula and the track, and that makes it so Snyder can pay off, as the day shift lets out at four. It's five o'clock in Rhode Island, the races are over, and the totals are flashed south and printed in the Shipyard News. The Shipyard News is only a jerk paper with mostly ads from Mobile stores, and I guess nobody would ever buy it for anything else but the winning number.

★ ONE thing you can say about Snyder—he lives without working, and that's more than about twelve thousand heavyweight steel-benders around here can do. He takes my slips, counts my dough, and hands me my cut.

"How long since any of your boys won, Steve?"

"Two weeks, Mr. Snyder. Remember the pipe fitter's wife who dreamed about 988? He put a nickel on it and won."

"Two weeks ain't bad. They can't expect to win all the time."

"Nobody's kicking, Mr. Snyder."

"That's the way we like it, Steve."

He's talking to me, but his eyes are behind me on something else. One of

the other runners, I guess. But when I turn around—holy jinx, it's Jerry! My knees go weak. This looks like trouble and I'm going to be in it; because Jerry must have followed me over, and that's bound to look bad. Snyder's all right on the outside, but inside he's mean and tough, like a guy has to be in a game like the numbers. Why can't Jerry mind his own business?

★ "HOW about it, Snyder?" he says. "Am I in?"

"You're in," says Snyder. "How much do you think you can average?"

"As much as any one else."

"Suits me," says Snyder. He hands Jerry a book of blanks with carbon paper between. "Start tomorrow. Work up the action in the morning and bring it out at noon. Ten per cent on all bets and another ten on the winnings. Keep your mouth shut."

"I can do that fine," says Jerry.

They shake hands, and that's that. I've been Jerry's helper for more than six weeks now, ever since I left home to get some of this easy shipyard dough. All this time I'm thinking he hates the numbers. I'm thinking he's sore because it takes up time at the yard. But now I see he's for himself, just like every one else. If there's money in it, he likes it. Maybe now he'll relax. Maybe now he'll be a better man to work with.

Wrong again!

That afternoon he's on my tail more than ever. The seams are easy for me to scrape and hard for him to weld, but Jerry makes me sweat just to keep ahead of him. When we got in the war, the navy cut the schedule on all destroyers from thirty-two weeks to twenty-five, but with Jerry on the job I don't see why they didn't cut it to twenty-four. His arc is right at my heels like a hot foot, and I don't get up for air again until the shift is over and it's time to quit.

"I'm working overtime, Steve," he says. "How about it?"

"Not for me. I'm satisfied with straight pay."

"It's not the money. Let's get her finished," he says.

This time I laugh out loud. I look right at him and laugh.

"I've found out about you and getting her finished," I say. "It's just a cover for time and a half."

I laugh again and walk off. I'll work hard if I have to, but when the whistle blows I wanna quit. Nobody's gonna make me feel like a heel for it, either.

At the gate I buy a Shipyard News. The day's number is 743. Snyder's paying off to a couple of sooty-faced grease-balls, but none of my customers are there and neither am I. Better luck tomorrow, Steve. I meet Stoney Max and that night we make the rounds. Six months ago Chickagoula was just a dead place on the bayou where a couple of people grew pecans and caught crabs. Now it's jammed with shipyard gorillas and—boy, oh boy—is the sky the limit!

(Continued on page 41)

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1. Gilbert, the Goldfish, was noble of soul,
But he swam all alone in his circular bowl.



2. Gracie was charming, and neat as a pin,
And Gil met his "Bowl-Mate" when Gracie dropped in.



3. A true Happy Blending—
That's Gil and his Grace;
And the same perfect mating
Makes CALVERT an ace!

Yes, CALVERT'S a blend
Of great qualities, sir,
Which is why it's a whiskey
That millions prefer.

4. So speak up for CALVERT when you're on a quest
For a whiskey of mellowness, flavor and zest;
And your search will result in a true Happy Ending,
For CALVERT'S a triumph of true Happy Blending.

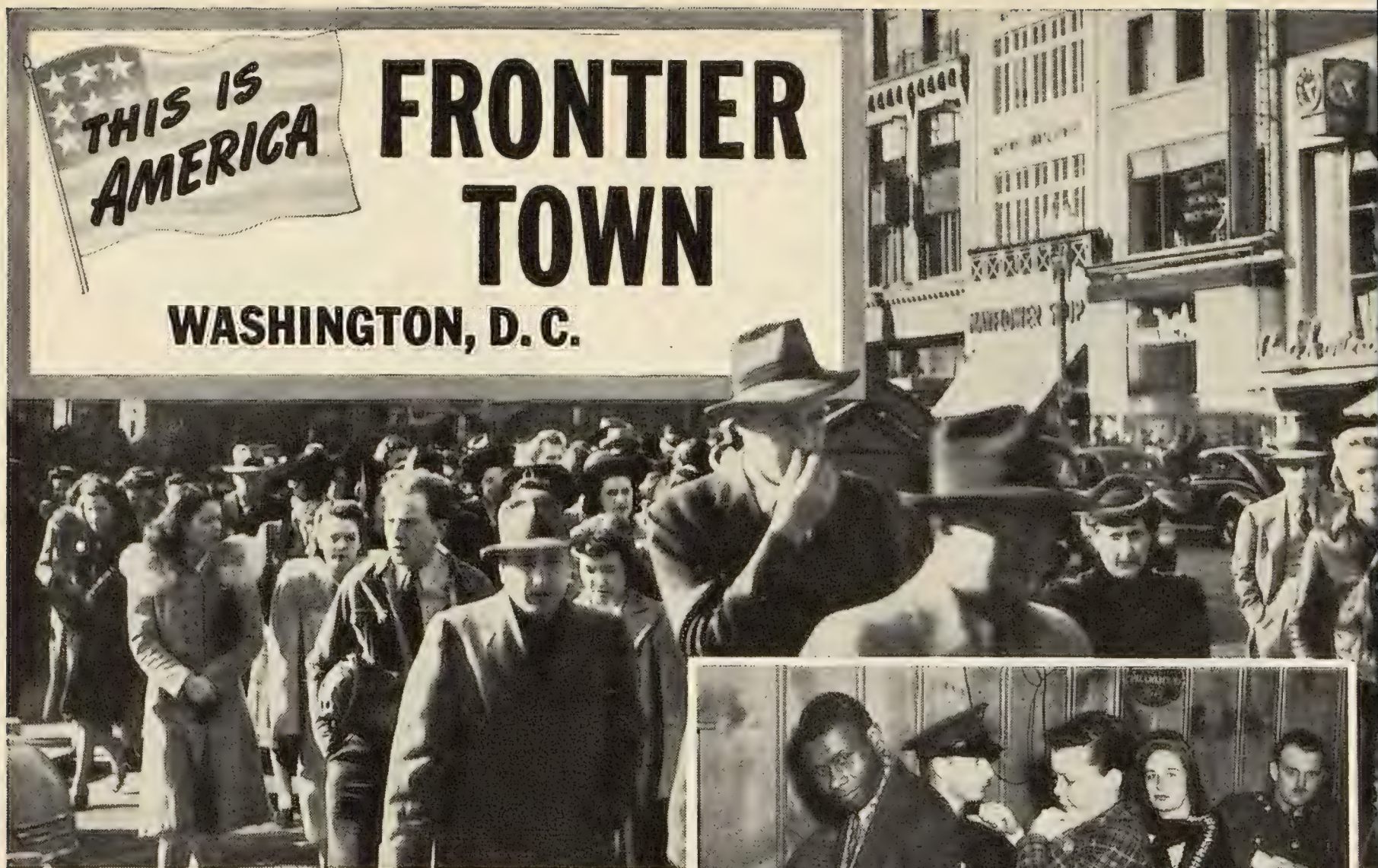
Clear Heads
Choose

Calvert



THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.



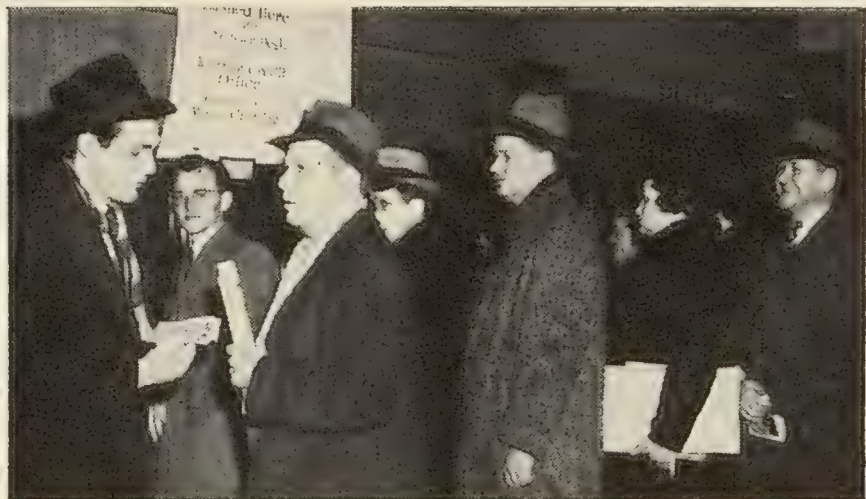
★ WASHINGTON a frontier town? It certainly is! Not only does it stand on the frontier of the future, but right now, in wartime, overcrowded as it is with young government employees in the defense agencies and the expanding bureaus, it's an enormous 1942 enlargement of the hurly-burly that was the Wild West frontier town of the old days. You've been hearing about it. Have you seen it? Come with Liberty's Washington photographer, Martha McMillan, and take a look through her camera finder—first, in lunch hour, along a street of the shopping district, shown above.



It's a real headache now to go shopping in Washington. When, oh, when is that clerk coming to wait on them?



A local beer parlor where boys in o. d. meet their girls.



Cashing his check from Uncle Sam at a department store.



Glenn Miller, their favorite, hits town and is kept busy listening to homage and writing his autograph in albums.



Burlesque-show babes are worth spending extra dough on.



Quicker, cheaper than waiting in line at a restaurant.



Plenty of money, plenty to drink — stocking up for a merry, merry time.



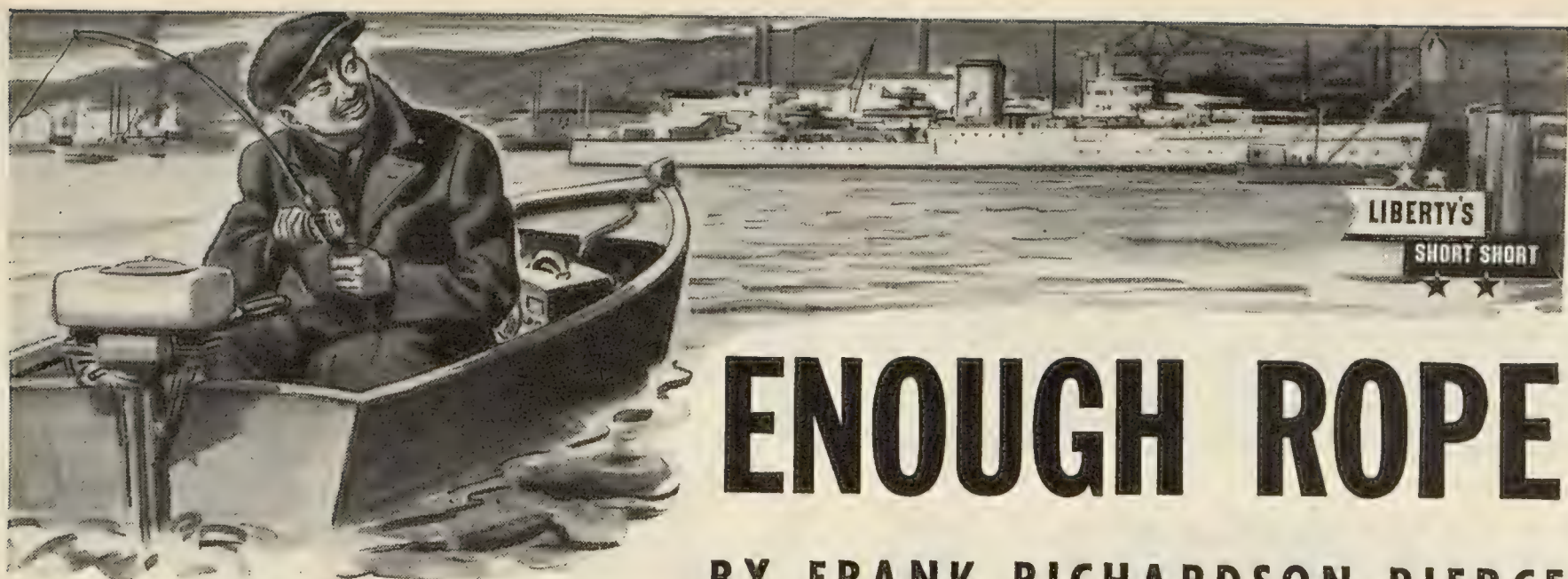
Senator Alben Barkley and party, with many others of Uncle Sam's employees, celebrate the opening of a new Washington night club.



Government clerks from forty-eight states, more or less, spend lunch hour looking over the shoes on sale in Washington shops.

Funds low, clerks entertain in a crowded boardinghouse room.





ENOUGH ROPE

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ WHEN Japan dictated peace in Washington, there would be high honors for Genzo Okuda—and amazement for the survivors of the conflict who lived on Puget Sound. He could hear them exclaiming, “And to think that photo-shop Jap was a fifth columnist!”

Genzo Okuda would also settle a few personal scores in his own peculiar way. Topping the list of his pet hates was young Mike Nakamura, a second-generation Japanese, or *Nisei*. Mike foolishly contended he wasn’t a subject of the Son of Heaven because he was American-born. When the elder Nakamura suggested that Mike bow low, suck in his breath and hiss in the presence of a high-born visiting Japanese, he had settled all arguments with a terse “Nuts!” and then gone out for a hamburger and coke.

All *Nisei* were high on Okuda’s list. Next was Big Bill Grady, a sergeant of the Chinatown detail. Grady was stupid enough to believe knowledge of a few Oriental traits qualified him to solve Chinatown crimes. Whenever he was presented with unsound theories on a crime, he’d snort, “No—that don’t add up.” He would continue struggling with the problem. Okuda looked forward to the day when Grady was sent to a prison camp and he could ask, “Does this add up?”

When Okuda opened up his photograph shop on the edge of the Oriental quarter, seven years ago, Kenji Watanabe, the fishing-tackle merchant, called. The low-caste Watanabe could have bought and sold the photographer ten times over and he had lived in America thirty years, but he remembered the deference due the superior man. He bowed low, sucked in his breath and hissed in acknowledgment of Okuda’s high-caste blood.

Big Bill Grady and his working partner, Dan Moran, had looked in about that time. “Nice place you got here, Okuda,” Grady commented; then to the smiling, bowing Watanabe, “That’s a swell catch of rainbow trout at your store.”

As they left, Okuda heard Moran say, “The wealthy Watanabe bows low and cooks up a first-class hiss to

a shoestring photographer. As you’d say, ‘It don’t add up!’”

“Maybe it does, Dan,” Grady had answered. “The Japanese are very polite people.” The answer stamped Grady as a stupid man.

A week later this stupidity was confirmed when Grady brought in a roll of films for development. Okuda never turned out a finer job. Grady talked about it and others brought in their films. Later, with bland smiles, Okuda had offered monthly prizes for the most artistic pictures his clients sent in. The prizes? Japanese prints.

It hadn’t taken the silly Americans long to realize the prizes favored scenes of land and sea—bays, ships, docks. The “art group” sponsored his first exhibit. “All I am, or hope to be, I owe to you people,” he told the newspapermen. In a way he spoke from his heart, nicely covering inward mockery and never batting an eye.

Okuda was never without his camera. There was true art in his enlargements of a derelict feeding pigeons, dirty-faced children watching an ambulance backing up to a slum door. His finest work, pictures of the Boeing aircraft plant, the Puget Sound Navy Yard, the torpedo station at Keyport, were never exhibited. Nor did Occidental eyes see the composite map he made of many pictures taken of Puget Sound on moonlit nights from a plane.

Okuda adopted a hobby—salmon fishing. He trolled in out-of-the-way places, like the narrow channel to the navy yard. He would eat lunch, drink, and throw the empty bottles into the water, then make precise notes on their drift. He imagined them to be floating mines.

His photographs and notes were sent to Washington and forwarded to Japan—in the ambassador’s pouch, which was clothed with diplomatic immunity. Gradually Okuda’s photo shop—with its trusted personnel—became the hub from which radiated many fifth-column spokes.

He was trolling for salmon—and checking on a British battleship undergoing repairs—on that eventful Sunday morning when the Japanese started a Pacific war. His portable radio brought the news.

“*Banzai Nippon!*” he cheered, but not too loudly, as he hauled in his line. He headed homeward. There were names and addresses as well as pictures and films to be burned at his shop. The police, of course, would search the place. There was a quaint Occidental expression covering the situation—something about locking the barn after the horse had been stolen.

Tonight there might be coast bombings. Well, his men were ready—scattered from the Mexican border to points north of Vancouver, British Columbia. With visual signals and radio they would give bearings to the raiders from offshore carriers.

He landed his boat and drove rapidly to his shop, unlocked the door, entered, and locked it behind him.

He heard a movement, and a second later Moran grasped his arms and Grady snapped handcuffs onto his wrists. “Well, Dan,” the sergeant said, “we’ve got the biggest shot on the West Coast, and by now the boys from border to border are bagging the rest of the organization.”

Okuda knew a deep and terrible fear. Was it possible Grady had known his purpose from the first and had let him play out his hand? He recalled a quaint Occidental expression covering that point, also. It was something about giving one enough rope to hang himself. If so, then many photographs Grady had brought in might be cleverly contrived phonies that would cause bombers to waste their loads. He summoned the dignity and hauteur which is the heritage of those of samurai blood. “Mr. Grady, you have known me a long time,” he said; “a terrible mistake has been made.”

“Yeah,” Grady agreed, “a mistake was made—seven years ago—when a wealthy Japanese bowed low and hissed to a tinhorn photographer. It was one Chinatown incident that . . . added up.”

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

SWAN-DERFUL SUDS
FOR DISHES 'N DUDS

SWAN-DERFUL TOO
FOR BABY 'N YOU



SWAN-DERFUL MILDNESS!



Swan's baby-gentle—you
can't buy a purer soap.

Swan's mild as finest imported castles. Take a tip from baby! Your hands will thank you, if you treat 'em to Swan's baby-gentle suds.

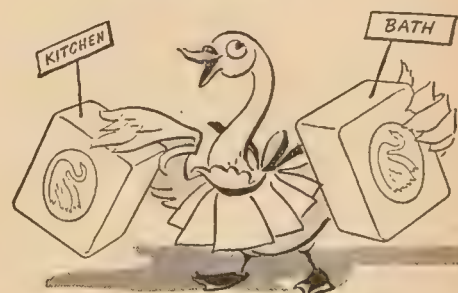
SWAN-DERFUL SPEED!



Swan's quicker, longer-lasting
suds do more work.

Lookit, lady! Swish! Swan suds twice as fast as old-style floating soaps! Big, thick, stand-up suds that do more dishes!—even in hard water!

SWAN-DERFUL THRIFT!



Swan is twins! Use half in
the kitchen, half in the bath!

Two handsome cakes in each thrifty twin bar! No need for easy-to-waste package soaps or expensive toilet soaps now! Swan up and save!

SWAN

The baby-gentle
floating soap that's
a sudsin' whiz



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Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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See your local paper for time and station

LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE NEW FUNNY MEN OF BROADWAY

Danny Kaye, who with nary the bat of an eye rattles off Russian names or undecipherable pig-English.



BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ A YOUNG man approached his father. "I have decided," he announced, "to be an actor." "An actor!" yelled his father. "What kind of actor?" "A dramatic actor," proudly replied the young man. The father let out an agonized whoop. "What! An actor in the family! And, worse, another mouth to feed for the rest of our days! You'll be no such thing, not unless you want to disgrace us and be disinherited. You listen to me. You'll be a comedian—and the lower the better—or out you go!"

Papa, as always, was right. To succeed in the theater these days, the young man with a gift for comedy stands at least a fifty times better chance than the one who imagines he has in him the germs of a Salvini, a Forbes-Robertson, or maybe even only a Joseph Schildkraut.

The theater, doubtless because of the war and the need for alleviating humor, is hungry for men who can make it laugh. It can't get enough of them. As a consequence, more new comedians have found a welcome on the boards in the last few years than you can shake a slapstick at.

Up until relatively recently, the comic field was controlled largely by zanies of long and tried stage standing: men like Jolson, Wynn, Moore, Lahr, Cantor, and such. These had something amounting to a monopoly. The aspirant to clown honors found the going hard.

But at present almost any gent who can fall on his rear without dislocating his spine or who can sing a lyric made up of Czecho-Slovakian poly-

syllables without pausing to inhale will find himself in the money.

Among the new clowns who have found favor, one of the foremost is Danny Kaye, currently on view in Let's Face It. This Danny, the product of a summer theater revue and a night-club floor show, has captured the fancy of the public chiefly through his ability to rattle off a long catalogue of Russian names or a lot of undecipherable pig-English with nary the bat of an eye. Compare him with the great Bobby Clark, that prime low comedian of another era who is still going strong, and you get an idea of the difference in method between some of the old boys and some of their successors.

Bobby, a graduate of the minstrel shows, achieved his earlier position chiefly through spectacles painted on his eyes, an uncontrollable bamboo cane, and a comical cigar butt. Danny comes on dressed much like you or me or any one else and without a prop to his name. Bobby in the past—until he went more or less "legitimate"—on his first appearance strode brazenly down to the footlights, puffed out his chest, glared audaciously at the audience, the meanwhile tripping over his cane and elaborately, upon regaining his equilibrium, flicking the ash off his stogie, and then fell precipitantly on his face. Danny comes on quietly and, much like any actor in a straight play, enters calmly into the plot dialogue. A slight nance touch is his sole compromise with the older order.

This is certainly meant to be no reflection on Bobby. He is still the kingpin of them all. But the new boys derive their comedy more often directly from the lines and business of the shows they are in than from extrinsic and gratuitous antics.



Joe E. Lewis, another new clown who gets his laughs without facial play or vocal trickery.

In the older days, a comedian had to have at least four or five bits of comical business to supplement even a line of dialogue sufficiently jocose on its own. Take this Bobby. When his partner McCullough was still alive, the pair of bums appeared in a skit laid in a war trench. A terrible battle was on. What to do? wailed the unwashed and filthy McCullough as the enemy approached nearer. Whereupon Bobby finally concluded: "I shall recommend to the captain that he send you over the top in lieu of a gas attack."

But was that enough for the audience? It was not. It was thereupon incumbent upon Bobby to go into a little dance, click his heels together in the air, fall on his ear, get up and brush a half ton of dust off himself and onto his aggrieved partner, fall on his other ear, arise as if he had while on the ground contracted lumbago, blow a kiss to McCullough, allow his hat to drop down over his eyes, execute another *pas seul*, and maybe deject himself again on both ears.

Some such clown of today as Danny, cracking any such wheeze as
(Continued on page 40)

Simple hospitality is back in style again



In times like these, all of us feel increasing need to be together in friendly groups. Courage and stamina are bred in the circle of good companionship. But certainly we are not in the mood for big, lavish parties.

Beer and ale are very naturally the basis of today's simple hospitality. Beer is the very symbol of friendship . . . of rest and peace after work and strain.

It is the beverage of thoughtful and tolerant people who live sanely and wisely. Most important

of all, beer is the beverage of moderation for a self-disciplined people.

Serve refreshing beer or ale to your friends. It has a rich, mellow flavor that comes from skillful brewing of sun-ripened grains and fragrant hops.

It is the natural companion of good food . . . making good-things-to-eat taste their best.

Remember that beer and ale can do much during these strenuous times to bring relaxation and pleasure to your husband, your family, and your circle of friends.



May we send you, free of cost, a booklet describing the important "Clean-Up or Close-Up" program of the brewers of America . . . a program which provides active industry cooperation for the maintenance of wholesome conditions wherever beer is sold. Address: Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. C 15, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



Cocktails without bother!

Actually easier than serving highballs! You don't have to mix 'em ... just pour 'em! There's nothing like Heublein's Club Cocktails for quality and quickness, when you give a party or celebrate an occasion. Take home a bottle tonight!



6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
2. You just add ice and serve.
3. Absolutely highest quality.
4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. (Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.)

FREE: Write for Club Party Book of snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. L4, Hartford, Conn.

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WELL-INFORMED

about the war, about sports, movies, radio personalities, about America If you want to

HAVE FUN

with good fiction and cartoons, with crossword puzzles and quizzes

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(Continued from page 38)

that cited, would no more think of thereafter entering upon any such repertoire than he would think of asking a reduction in salary. Danny now and then may follow a crack by leaning drolly against a wall and grinning sheepishly at himself or by wriggling a hip in a too-too manner, but his approach to and withdrawal from a line is otherwise generally unembellished with any antic parsley. It is his song delivery that is his meal ticket.

Even in the case of the new stage comedians drafted from burlesque, it is the reading of line that seems to count with the customers. Thus, when Jack Mann in *High Kickers*, with a face resembling a lascivious month-old Halloween pumpkin, recites his ideas for naughty blackout sketches, the audience reaction is considerably more puissant than when he squirts water through his puckered lips halfway across the stage. Thus, when chubby little Joe Besser in *Sons o' Fun*, standing in military line in an army camp and getting balled up in counting off the numbers, is indignantly challenged by the sergeant, "Are you one?" and archly grins, "No. Are you?" it is his manner of delivery and not his incidental elaborate knee collapse that evokes the laughter.

★ ANOTHER new comique who, like Kaye, has won wide approval is Joe E. Lewis. Even less than Kaye does Joe depend upon external monkey business to get his laughs. His lyrics, with maybe a small joke or two on the side, are his buffoon weapon. The two clowns differ markedly, however, in the way they sell their songs. Whereas Danny grimaces his, Joe delivers his in mock-undertaker fashion. And the only accessory business he goes in for is an occasional pretended shoulder pain. Give him a song like *The H. V. Kaltenborn Blues*, in which he lugubriously recounts the thrills that descend upon him when he listens to the outpourings of that sage over the radio—and the audience is his.

Even when Joe cracks some such joke as "Do I come over to sleep in your house, or do we sleep in the gutter?" there is no facial play or vocal trickery. He goes about his irresistible comic business as placidly as a man buttoning his shirt. I once observed him negotiating the old business of stepping off an imaginary stair, and he seemed to be so thoroughly ill at ease and downright embarrassed that I doubt he ever attempted it again. Nor is he by nature a man with a particularly comical face. His nose is a city block shorter than Jimmy Durante's; his eyes have nothing especially humorous about them, as, say, the late William Danforth's had; his hair is neither red nor bushy in the hokum tradition of Jimmie Powers' or even Danny Kaye's. Yet there is an inner spirit of true comedy in him that pops merrily to the surface.

Products of the night-club floor shows such as Danny and Joe are coming to be more and more sought for in the service of the stage. Among the chucklemasters in that field currently going big and awaiting the stage's call, probably due now at any time, are such joyboys as Eddie Davis, Jack White, Romo Vincent, and Billy De Wolfe.

Davis' specialty is the dispensing of saucy ditties, the most amusing of which recounts his adventure pursuant to buying his wife a present. He goes into a store to make the purchase, beholds a lovely salesgirl behind the counter, takes her out to dinner and supper, dances for several rapt hours with her, takes her home and is making love to her for several more hours when her boy friend suddenly comes in, catches him, and gives him two black eyes and a broken nose, thus bringing him to the determined conclusion never to buy his wife any more presents.

★ WHITE has made a big success of the night-club business by merchandising acidly humorous cracks at the expense of his customers, well-knowns and unknowns alike. A high Washington dignitary, a lowly visitor from the hinterlands, a lady on her way to the powder room, a celebrated playwright, a famous actress, a bartender on his night off—they are one and all his meat. And they love it.

As for Vincent, the only thing that stands between him and the poorhouse is the six-day diet. His Falstaffian girth is his bankbook. He is the pet fat man of the New York somnambulists. And as for De Wolfe, his impression antics seem to make the ringside sitters more and more oblivious of the check, whatever its size.

It is, in good sooth, the golden day and the golden opportunity for the boys who can lift the present drooping corners of our mouths. Nor does it always particularly matter if their material is wholly novel or, on the other hand, reminiscent of the gala wham of other years. Lives there a man with comic soul so dead that he can't respond, for example, to the rare moment in *Sons o' Fun* when a clown sails his hat into the wings, when it is subsequently seen sailing around the far backdrop, and when then presently it emerges whirling out of the other wing in an entirely different shape and color? Or to the business in something like *High Kickers* when Chaz Chase eats enough paper to print another five versions of *Why France Fell* and enough shirt fronts to dress a Noel Coward production, and tops them off with a savory consisting of a harmonica, which thereupon internally serenades the banquet?

Critics may complain, and justly, about the dearth of new good playwrights, sufficiently courageous producers, talented stage directors, and actors who don't mumble, but there can be small complaint in the matter of funny men.

THE END

☆ TEN o'clock next morning Jerry tips back his hood and looks first at the work he's done already and then at what he's got to do. It's a lot. More than any one could do in a single shift, even Jerry. But just the same he puts down his torch and pulls off his gloves. Yesterday he wouldn't stop work long enough to speak back to the boss, but today he's picking up bets.

At the platform slats there's a gang of riggers fixing a sling under the sub-assembly of a turret top. It's for 251.

"O. K., boys," says Jerry. "Numbers."

The riggers drop the sling to the ground and crowd around. The bull rigger is a regular guy and comes over too. He works it right. He bends over with a piece of chalk in his hand and makes it look like a chalk talk.

"Since when you pickin' up, Jerry?"

"Starting now, Chili Bean. Got something hot?"

"Have I got something hot?" Chili Bean rubs his hands together and laughs. "Eh, boys?" The boys laugh, too. They sure think they have a winner, and that's good business, because how many guys would play the numbers if they didn't think they had a winner? "Two five one," says Chili Bean. "Twenty-five weeks to build her, and she's the first one to take the grand slide. Two five one—get it?"

Chili Bean counts out thirty-one cents and puts it on 251. When Jerry hands him the slip, Chili Bean rubs it under his nose and says, "Come in, baby. We worked for you—now you work for us."

"Me on the same—twenty-two cents," says one of his boys.

"Me too," says another.

They all bet on 251. Usually it's just a nickel or a dime, but today it's all the loose change they can find. This is bad, Steve, I say to myself. Snyder won't like it all bunched together. If 251 comes in, it'll bust the bank. Lucky for us, the big crane clanks up and the riggers go back to work. The crane operator's sore because he has to wait for the turret top, but just the same he climbs down from the cab and puts eighteen cents on 251.

"Stiffs—wasting their dough," I say to Jerry as we walk away. "It'd be a miracle if 251 showed up in the parimutuels too."

"The big crane had to wait ten minutes," says Jerry.

"Aw—so what?"

"The big crane's got a list of things it has to do," he says. "It's got a schedule. If it's ten minutes late on one job, it's ten minutes late all along the line. A thing like that piles up."

"Let the bosses do the worrying," I say. "We only work here."

I go to the stock room for the day's supply of electrodes and also to pick up my own bets. I keep mum about 251. My customers have their own ideas on a good number, but nobody

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Director: No, no, no, Miss Joyce! Get some life in it! Some zip and zing! You know—some of the old *pep appeal*!

Girl: Oh, dear! It sure looks like I've lost our chance for a spot in the show. I guess I just haven't got it!



Boy: It's not *that* bad, honey! You know you can step with the best of them. It's just like he says—what you need is a little more pep. I'll bet you haven't been eating right lately—not getting all your vitamins. And right now's when you start getting them. Put on your hat and let's go.



Boy: No getting around it, sugar. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins. And right in KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D. Yes, sir! Right in this swell, crunchy cereal, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Girl: Mister, mister! Why didn't you tell me how marvelous it tastes? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, we may be seeing our names in lights before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE



**"It's spring. He forgot to clean out
his radiator with Sani-Flush"**

This year, of all years, don't risk a clogged radiator that can lay up your car. When you remove anti-freeze, clean out dangerous rust and sediment. Sani-Flush does it scientifically. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flushing with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. Use it yourself, or ask your service station. Tests have shown Sani-Flush harmless to any engine or fittings, when used according to directions on can. It's in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold in grocery, drug, hardware and 10c stores. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

Nervous, Weak Ankles Swollen

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

**See
WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITER**

has a reason like the reason for 251. I keep thinking about the pipe fitter's wife. She just dreamed on a number and it came in. But 251 is better than a dream. It's like a number in the sky, with lights. So, just in case, I fill out a slip for myself on 251—and I also find Stoney Max and tell him to get on 251, too. Oh, boy! Could we use the dough for the big dance to-night and for the Mobile blondes!

★ AT noon Snyder takes the fistful of slips from Jerry, and when he sees they are all on the same number he doesn't like it much, but still he doesn't get sore like I thought he would.

"That's one of the chances we take," he says. He laughs when he adds it up. "Keep going like this and you'll be one of my best men."

"Thanks," says Jerry.

It's my afternoon off, and I guess by now Jerry knows better than to ask me to work overtime. Even with 251 supposed to launch at the end of the shift, he doesn't ask. He talks awhile with Ida May, sticks more stamps in his book, and then I don't see him again. It's his afternoon off too, but he never takes it.

Snyder motions for me to sit down. "I've been watching you, Steve," he says. "I like the way you work."

"Well—thanks, Mr. Snyder. I'm glad somebody does."

He hands me a cigar. I bite off the end and put it in the side of my mouth, like Snyder's got his. He strikes a match and lights up for me. I feel good. Ida May's behind the counter folding boxes, but I know she's looking this way once in a while and I hope she sees Snyder lighting up for me.

"I could use somebody like you, Steve," he says. "I'm branching out and I need help. How about it?"

"Y'mean—in the numbers?"

"I don't mean building ships," he says. We both laugh at that one. There's no future in building ships. "D'ya think you could handle the action at this gate while I organized at the other? There's one end of this shipyard we don't touch at all."

Oh boy, oh boy!

"You got yourself a deal, Mr. Snyder. When do I start?"

"Come in back," he says.

Holy jinx! Snyder swings open a gate in the counter and goes through to the kitchen, and nobody yells at him to get out. Ida May keeps folding boxes. All this time I'm thinking the restaurant is just a hangout for Snyder, but now I find it's on a lease and the lease is his. And did I say he was only the outside man for the numbers? My mistake. He's the big shot! He owns the game! He's got a downstairs room under the icebox and two other guys helping him and everything is run from there.

"Help sort the bets, Steve," he says.

He throws the slips on the table and we start looking at them. The two other guys have black stains on their fingers and, whatever it is, it smudges off on the tickets. We put all the same

numbers together, and soon we have one big pile and a lot of little ones.

"Lookit the raft of suckers on 251," says one of the guys, "Don't pick that one, Curley."

"You tellin' me, Joe," says Curley, with a cracked laugh. "How about de kid, boss?"

"He's all right," says Snyder. "Steve, this is Curley and Joe."

I shake hands with Curley and Joe. Curley has a wire cage made like a bottle with a long neck. It's filled with small black balls and on each ball is a white number. He turns a handle and a number drops out.

"Six t'ree two," he says.

"Nobody on it," says Joe.

"Spin again, Curley," says Snyder. He looks sideways at me. "A number's



BY A. ROSS

"Having turned state's evidence, do you swear to spill the works, the whole works, and nothing but the works?"

no good unless it pays off," he says "I make it a standing rule—somebody's gotta win."

"We could just pick a number," grins Joe. "This way it's more honest." Curley spins the cage again.

"How's t'ree two nine?"

"O. K.," says Snyder. He counts the slips on 329. "Six winners—spread all over the yard, too, which makes it good business. The boys talk it up a lot when they win."

He's studying my face close. Curley and Joe are watching me too.

"I thought—I thought you paid off on the pari-mutuels?" I say.

"We do," says Joe.

"Dis is de pari-muchels," says Curley.

"You two take a powder," snaps Snyder. "And have it out on time today, will you, Joe? The day shift gets nervous when it has to wait."

"It's all set up—but the number," says Joe.

"Just get it here on time," says Snyder.

I'm not sure what they're talking about, but I guess it's the Shipyard News. That's ink on their fingers—printer's ink. When the door closes behind them, Snyder turns to me.

"When you run a game like this, Steve, you gotta have it sewed on

tight from all angles. If I paid off on the pari-mutuels there'd be lots of days when nobody would win. See what I mean?"

I see what he means.

"I'm not picking the number to make anybody lose," he says. "I'm picking it to make 'em win. There's nothing wrong with that, Steve, is there?"

He puts his hand on my shoulder like a father, but when he gets it there he digs in hard. I can feel his fingers through my heavy shirt. Snyder's strong.

"Is there?" he says.

"No. No, Mr. Snyder. It's—it's even better than the pari-mutuels."

"Now you're being smart," he says, taking away his hand. He peels thirty bucks from a roll of bills and gives them to me. "This is some idea of what's in it for you," he says. "Now scram for a while. Come back at four o'clock."

"O. K., Mr. Snyder."

The thirty bucks feel good in my pocket, and I feel good all over. This is the best break you ever had, Steve, I say to myself. This is easy money. Snyder could be mean if he was crossed, but little Stevie's not gonna cross him. Little Stevie's gonna play ball. . . .

★ I DON'T have anything else to do, so I go down to the bayou and hire a boat and row past the Chickagoula Shipyard. It's like a beehive, only the bees are men and they are building ships in there instead of collecting honey. I guess it's me collecting the honey. They work and bet on the numbers—and it's me who gets rich. Snyder and me.

I give the fisherman a buck for the use of the boat, and he thinks I'm crazy. What's a buck? From now on I'm gonna be lousy with bucks.

The day shift is letting out when I get to the gate again. There's always a big crowd at the parking lot, but this time it's outside the restaurant. I go over, and the first one I see is Stoney Max. He grabs my arms and jumps up and down.

"Ye-ow! It won! It won!"

"What won?"

"Two five one," he says. "You told me it was hot, didn't you?"

"Stop kidding," I say.

"I'm not kidding."

He holds up a copy of the Shipyard News and points to the box in the corner where they print the pari-mutuels. Holy jinx—what happened? It's just like Stoney Max says—the number is 251!

"The bookie claims it's a mistake," says Stoney Max. "He claims 251 ain't the pari-mutuels at all, and he's putting through a long-distance call to the track to prove it. But he'd better pay off. The boys won't like it if he don't pay off."

"Why should he pay off, if it's a mistake?"

"How could it be a mistake?" says Stoney Max.

I push through the crowd, and when I get up front I see Jerry near the

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telephone, holding the boys back with his arms spread out. Snyder is there, too—and one look at him tells me everything's under control. He's as cool as ever and not worried at all.

"We don't trust you," Chili Bean is saying. "When the call gets through, I'll take it." He puts the receiver to his ear and talks to the Rhode Island track. Then he hangs up. "He's right, boys," says Chili Bean. "The totals end in 487. Anybody on 487?"

Nobody's on 487, and up goes a howl. See how it would work with an honest pay-off? Snyder's got brains not to use the pari-mutuels except when he has to, like now.

"Satisfied?" he says, turning to Jerry. "It's just a mistake in the Shipyard News, like I said."

"We know all about the Shipyard News," Jerry says. "There's a mistake in it every day, but it's been all right with you up until now, because you own the Shipyard News and it's all a part of the racket. You don't print the pari-mutuels, and I can prove it by this list for the past two months."

Jerry pulls a sheet of paper from his shirt pocket. Snyder's face goes white.

"We followed your boys over there today, and put our number in instead of yours. Ours is 251," says Jerry.

The shipworkers start yelling for Snyder to pay off. They call him a crook and push in closer and it looks bad for Snyder. He's scared, but he's still thinking fast.

"O. K., I'll pay off," he says. "But it'll take a lot of dough and you gotta give me a chance to get it from the big banker. What d'ya say?"

"O. K. Make it snappy."

"Let him get the dough, Jerry."

They open a path for Snyder to get through. Jerry grabs him by the arm and leads him into the icebox and then down the stairs to the room below. So he knows about that, too!

When they come back, Snyder has a black satchel and it's full of dough. I guess it's everything he ever made on the numbers at the shipyard.

"Up front for us," says Stoney Max. "Maybe he'll run short."

We push through, and Stoney Max fights for a place in the line. I don't want to fight for a place. I don't want to be in the line at all. But Stoney Max knows I got a ticket on 251, so how can I get out of it? Maybe I can slip Snyder the eye. Maybe I can make him understand I'm still with him, no matter what.

One by one the boys collect their winnings, and pretty soon it's Stoney Max and then it's me.

I hand Snyder my ticket. When he looks up, I slip him the eye. His face goes hard.

"You dirty double-crossing punk!" he says.

He swings quick with his left fist and jabs me in the face. Holy jinx—what was that for? What did I do? I see his right fist coming and try to duck, but it gets me square in the jaw. Everything goes dark blue.

When I come to again, Ida May has a bottle of cleaning ammonia under my nose and we seem to be alone ex-

cept for the ache in my jaw and a cut over my left eye.

"Snyder won't bother you again," she says. "By this time he's at the edge of town and the boys are telling him never to come back." She puts away the ammonia and starts washing the cut with warm water. "Curley and Joe too," she says. "Jerry had them tied up at the newspaper office. Do you feel all right now, Steve?"

"Why can't people mind their own business?" I say. "What did Jerry have to butt in for, anyway?"

"I asked him to," says Ida May. She daubs at the cut with iodine and my whole face stings. "I could see what Snyder was doing—and I hated it. Jerry hated it, too," she says.

"He would."

"I guess you don't understand about Jerry," she says.

"Oh, yes, I do. Plenty."

"I mean about the two kid brothers he put through high school."

"What two kid brothers? I didn't know he had any brothers."

"They joined the navy when they got out," she says. "One was nineteen and the other a year younger—about your age," she says.

"Jerry builds the ships and they sail 'em—is that it? Is that why he works so hard?"

"Not quite," says Ida May. "They were at Pearl Harbor when the Japs came. They were both killed," she says. Then she's quiet for a long time. "I love Jerry for what he's doing," she says softly. "You have a lot to learn, Steve."

☆ AM I a dope to be working on 251 again, with a cut over my eye, breathing smoke and getting the dirt caked on my face with sweat? Here I am, working overtime with Jerry, not knowing myself why I'm doing it. Stoney Max didn't like it when I left him at the gate, and the Mobile blondes won't like it if I don't show up at the big dance tonight.

"Will they launch her in the dark, Jerry?" I say when the sun goes down and the floods light up.

"They will if she's ready!" he says.

Am I dopey to pick up a torch, too, and try it out on a seam of my own? It looks like a row of peas. But Jerry says it's all right, you gotta start sometime. They'll be a lot of welding to do before this is over.

Suddenly the arc breaks off by itself. The deck shivers a little, and, holy jinx—it's moving—251 is moving! What's that funny feeling up and down your spine, Steve? You do care, don't you? She moves faster and faster and finally slides into the bayou and floats free. She feels alive under my feet. She's not just a dead pile of steel any more. She's a ship!

I look at my seam. It's holding!

Then I look at Jerry. He's standing there with his head bare, carrying his hood by the strap in one hand. His hair is sticky and wet. His face is black with grime and I can see the whites of his eyes again, shining.

"Let's wish her luck," he says.

THE END

The Indian boy Sabu, who takes the part of Mowgli in the movie Kipling's Jungle Book.

PICTURES

YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK (for a stunning animal saga)

It's always a challenging job for the screen to handle a classic. Alexander Korda has met the challenge with sense and showmanship in this screen version of Rudyard Kipling's stories about Mowgli and his animal friends in the jungles of India. As one who was brought up on the tales of the wolf boy, my reaction to the offering was bound to be critical. But, on the whole, it strikes me that it is extremely effective and definitely entertaining.

Only a few of the episodes from the original Kipling book have been used. There is the account of Mowgli's boyhood in a wolf pack. His fight to the finish with Shere Khan, the tiger, is an engrossing section. Several sequences are devoted to his disillusioning experience after returning to the village where he was born. And the climax is full of melodramatic violence and spectacle as it describes the curse which follows the plunderers of a rajah's treasure in a lost city of the jungle.

Those who remember the Kipling

work vividly are likely to feel disappointed that other chapters were not included in the screen version. Others may find the whole show a bit on the juvenile side. It strikes me, though, that this is a faithful and fascinating translation of a famous piece of literature. You're old indeed if you can't respond to the stunning make-believe of the show. You're at the wrong stage of youth if you find the movie merely childish.

Kipling knew India. He knew the jungle and the legends of the jungle. Above all, he was a great storyteller. He would have been pleased, I think, to see this movie version of his yarns. For one thing, the picture has the only actor in the world who could play Mowgli, the Indian lad called Sabu. For another, it has been staged by Zoltan Korda in brilliant technicolor. In addition, it has a first-rate supporting cast of human beings and a raft of fine animal actors.

There is the threat of a romance when the young man who was reared by wolves meets the swordmaker's daughter after his return to the village. Fortunately it never develops. For this film is one of man's relationship to the beasts of the jungle—of the ceaseless war between civilization and the jungle. It has been kept wisely just that.

There is a note of significance in the ending, which finds three avaricious villagers destroying each other for a ruby scepter. Most of the film is straight spectacle. The terrible fire of the climax is superb in color. The



Stretch Out

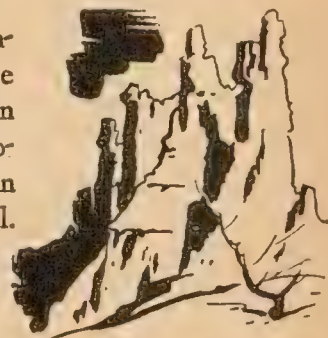
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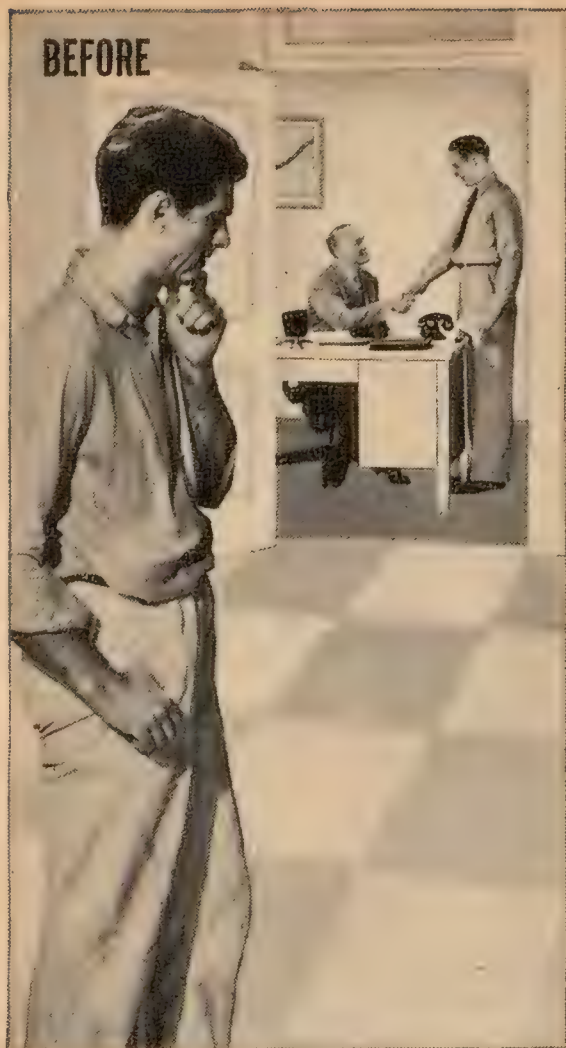
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crowd scenes are always vivid and exciting.

Sabu is perfect as Mowgli. There are other good performances. Joseph Calleia is splendid as the scheming swordmaker, Buldeo, who thinks the wolf boy is a witch. John Qualen and Frank Puglia are excellent as his co-conspirators, and Patricia O'Rourke, for all of her Irish name, makes a gentle and lovely young Indian girl.

★ ★ ★ THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI (for fun and philosophy)

Here's a sarong-and-coconut version of You Can't Take It with You. The Tuttles are as crazy a crew as you'll often find on stage or screen. Easy come, easy go is the motto of this Tahitian tribe, founded by a Yankee sailing captain. The adventures and misadventures of the family add up to a generally delightful comedy. It's so broad that it verges on slapstick, but it's funny.

With Charles Laughton playing the shiftless patriarch of the Tuttles, the show was predestined to be full of bravura acting. It is. The star has a field day in the role of super-beach-comber, chugging around the South Sea island in a broken-down truck, squandering a fortune in no time flat, and wisely musing that the Tuttles never should have any money anyway.

It's one of his most engaging roles. It's a performance that makes this translation of the Nordhoff-Hall novel well worth seeing.

There's not much of a story. What keeps the show spinning is the Tuttle family. The boys (there are a dozen of them) salvage a rich freighter just as the family is about to be tossed out of its island home for an accumulation of debts. Some quarter of a million francs are deposited in the local bank; everybody gets a check-book and the windfall is spent before the eldest son has a chance to marry. The picture's a celebration of happy living. It's escapist but extremely engaging.

Laughton dominates the acting, but Jon Hall is fine as the eldest son who comes back from a year of wandering with a gamecock as his accumulated wealth. Peggy Drake is an attractive heroine and Victor Francen is fine as the understanding doctor who keeps staking the Tuttles. Charles Vidor has staged the show for atmosphere and laughs, as he should have done.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels.

★★★—To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin.

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Ted Williams shucks his clothes as he answers sports writers' questions in the locker room at Sarasota, Florida.



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

"I'M NO SLACKER"

Baseball's Ted Williams presents
his side of a much-debated case to

BILL CUNNINGHAM

Sports Editor of Liberty

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ "I'M no slacker. I'm not yellow. I'm as patriotic as anybody. Baseball means the world and all to me, naturally; but two things mean more. One is my duty to my mother. The other is my duty to my country. I can't see the fairness of anybody's trying to put me in the spot where I've got to try to choose between them. I'm taking care of the one. If I'm called, I'll try to help take care of the other. That's good enough for the government. It was their ruling, not mine. I don't see why that shouldn't answer it—why all you guys keep writin' it and there's such a hullabaloo about it."

It was Ted Williams, tall restless twenty-three-year-old batting king of

major-league baseball (.406), talking earnestly with your correspondent. During three phenomenal years in the majors, six in organized baseball, the wild winds of publicity have screamed around him before; but this was nothing silly and transient, such as his spats with sundry sports writers.

This was an angry national storm, blown up over his reclassification from 1A to 3A in the draft.

He'd been reported as having said, "Give me one more year and I'll go." That year meant one crack at a \$30,000 salary. It had been widely publicized that his 1941 salary was \$18,000. The roar went up from coast to coast. Soldiers and the mothers of soldiers, sons waiting in 1A and thousands of citizens of all strata, bombarded news-

papers, radio stations, and even the baseball clubs and officials with bitter, some of them practically hydrophobic, protests.

A voice here and there was raised in the young man's defense, but the general average was preponderantly critical. This could be anything—might be anything yet.

In Boston threats were even made by individuals to boycott the American League ball park. How much of all this Ted Williams knew, he implied rather than said. He'd been away from the centers of population—in the frozen wilds of Minnesota, hunting and ice fishing—when the storm broke. After that he drove 1,700 miles alone from Minneapolis to Sarasota, and Sarasota could give no intimation of what was waiting in the North. It's a little place, unconcerned, and the Red Sox training colony there is practically restricted to, and sufficient unto, itself.

But the young man was plainly worried. Some of it undoubtedly had got through to him.

"It's this way," he continued, "in my heart, here"—and he quit fondling

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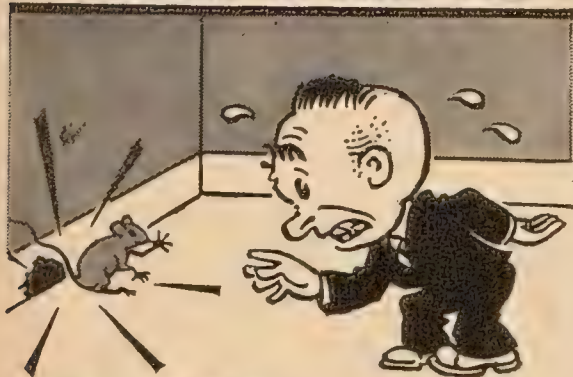
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the helve of the bat he'd been stroking long enough to place his right hand over the second O in "BOSTON" on the bosom of his playing spangles—"I know I'm right. I know it. See? And I know that anybody who knew the facts would know that I'm right, too. One thing I don't do is that I don't ever kid myself. I'm not too smart, and maybe I've done some dumb things. But I'm not *that* dumb. I play straight with myself. I've wrestled this case every way. It's got only one answer. That's the one I've given. And when I know in my heart I'm right about something, I'm just bull-headed enough to go as far as I can with it."

"Does that 'as far as I can with it' mean you're not sure that you'll play out the year?" I interpolated.

"Don't ask me that," he said. "How can I be sure of anything? I'm in a spot where anything I say figures to be wrong. I don't want to dare anybody to boo me out of baseball. I don't want to say I can be booed into the army or navy. That would be inviting it, wouldn't it? But how do I know what I can take?" It was the harassed boy talking now. "I'm only human, like anybody else. Despite all you've seen and read, and maybe even have written, I'm sensitive. I'm thin-skinned. The park can be full of people, and they all can be cheering me but one guy, and somehow over it all I can hear that one boo."

"How do I know what I can stand if that stuff really starts? Or what it will do to my hitting? If I'm only hitting .260, I might as well be out of there anyway. If it starts, I'll try to take it. I'll try to hold my temper and not answer back. But you know me and my temper. But all the time, deep down in me, I'll know that I'm right. My case is no different from thousands of others. I know others like it—exactly like it—in baseball. No, I won't tell you who they are, for I wouldn't knowingly put anybody else on this kind of hot seat. But there are plenty exactly like mine, but all they gave me was 'Your case is extraordinary,' which meant that it was going to be given the business because I hit .406 and was about to get what the papers said was a \$30,000 salary."

★ ALTHOUGH the Williams home is in San Diego, California, where the lad, liltily referred to by sports writers as "the Splendid Splinter" (he's six feet three and slim as a slat), graduated from local high-school stardom to the San Diego Pacific Coast League entry at the age of sixteen and made good, he has wintered for four years in Minneapolis. The reason is part of the story that belongs in this record.

It's a simple recital of fact that would do much to clear the air on this entire Williams case. It's the story that apparently convinced the draft appeal board that the 1A rating was wrong. But Williams, with a family loyalty that amounts almost to ferocity, refuses to sanction the use of any part of that background in dis-

cussing his case, and although an outsider knows the facts from other sources, he hesitates, too, to yank the front off the cottage of an American family and invite the public to examine all the intimate and personal details.

You wouldn't want somebody doing it with your home. Neither would I.

Furthermore, although Williams could possibly win sympathy to his cause in a rush—I'll even change that "possibly" to "probably"—by telling his story a certain way, he'd stand damned as a heel of the first muddy water in possibly more minds than presume to pass judgment on him now. The Kid, as he calls himself, is really caught in the middle. Regardless of what the public eventually does with



BY FRANK BEAVEN

"What's a pigeon got that we haven't?"

the case, or what Williams does with it himself, there's a recognizable element of nobility in it.

The ballplayer wants it battled out as it stands on the record.

"Leave my family out of this," he says with eyes blazing.

"How can you?" you ask him. "That's the point your case hinges on."

"Just the same, leave 'em out," he says. "Just say that I have been the sole support of my mother for four years. That's the truth and that's enough."

But, anyhow, Williams has been wintering in Minneapolis ever since he played ball there in 1938. He likes to hunt and fish in the neighborhood, especially in the vicinity of Princeton, a little place some fifty miles up in the bush. That's how he chanced to register there. He'd already made his mother his especial responsibility and had the canceled checks to prove it.

The Minneapolis draft board listed him 3A and there was no publicity about the matter at all. He set out to do his winter's hunting and fishing. Then came Pearl Harbor, national tension, and many reclassifications. Without warning, the Williams status was changed to 1A. Let him tell it:

"Naturally, I went to this Colonel Nelson who headed the board, and asked him what the score was. My personal situation hadn't changed any.

My mother was alone, sick. She had no other support and no way of getting any. She'd worked hard all her life. She's fifty years old. She'd just had one serious operation, and they were trying to build her up physically for another.

"He said, 'But, my boy, your case is extraordinary.'

"Meaning that I'm a big-league ballplayer and it's liable to get some publicity?" I asked him. I don't remember just what he said but, whatever it was, it was the same as 'yes.'

"But that was that. I was in the army. Please make this plain. A lot of different stuff was written, and I was quoted as saying this and described as doing that. There was a lot of stuff about 'my lawyer' having done this and that and having said thus and so. I didn't have any lawyer. I didn't try to pull any strings or to exert any pressure.

"The state had a man out there named Wendell Rogers. He was appointed by the governor. Draftees are supposed to go to him with their questions and their problems. He chances to be a lawyer, but that's only an accident so far as I was concerned. I went to him and asked him how my status happened to be changed. He asked me for my whole story, and I told it to him. He got the files to see if the facts I told him were all on record. Some of the most important of them weren't.

★ "IT seems after I told my story to the board the first time and was placed in 3A, they sent affidavits to my mother for her to sign and return. They wanted specifically a statement from her doctor saying whether or not she was able to work. But having just been through a major operation, she was either too sick to bother with the letter or it had gone wrong somewhere.

"But I got such a letter from the doctor. This was considered 'new evidence,' and an associate of Mr. Rogers, John Fagre, then went to see Harold Estrem, the Minneapolis board's appeal agent. Together they went back to Colonel Nelson. I wasn't with 'em, but they said that again he said that mine was 'an exceptional case'—that if it were anybody else, meaning apparently anybody besides a big-league ballplayer about to get a fancy salary, it would be a 3A case without any question.

"But by now Colonel Nelson had softened on the case sufficiently to ask Estrem to appeal it to Washington. Estrem asked me if I wanted it appealed. I told him he knew what was in it, and if he thought it rated appealing to go ahead with it."

"Is that as close as you came to requesting an appeal?" I asked the ballplayer. "You were quoted as denying that you had asked for one, and then this Colonel Nelson issued a statement, to, as he said, 'keep the record straight,' claiming that you had specifically requested one."

"That's exactly the way it happened," he said. "Whoever quoted me

A SHIRT TRICK that Mr. Parsons had Had his little woman going mad. He'd start out wearing a regular shirt and turn out to be wearing a sports shirt before she could say, "Curse it!" Or he'd vice verse it.

She suspected he'd gotten his start In this quick-change art And how to work it In some second-rate vaudeville circuit. She also suspected sorcery And even thought of blowing herself to a trip to Reno, that celebrated divorcery.



One day, when he got home from work, Mrs. P. decided to lurk Quietly, so as not to unnerve him, And observe him.

What she saw made her face fall: He didn't change his shirt at all! It was easy as pie: He simply took off his coat and tie, And opened the top button of his shirt as any husband (slightly weary) 'ud. Period.

Hearing your wife's face fall is not a pleasant sound; So Mr. P. gave ground And decided no longer to trouble 'er. "This shirt, my dear," he said, "is an Arrow Doubler.

It can be worn as a sports shirt or a regular shirt with equal ease Primarily because its wonderful Arrow Collar has points like these . . ." (He alluded to the length of them.) "... also because of these anchored buttons..." (and he commented briefly on the strength of them.)

He indicated the two pockets, Suitable for combs, pencils, tees, lockets. He referred to the "Mitoga" figure-fit And how the waist didn't bunch a bit. He pointed to the Sanforized label Which proved that shrinkage would be less than 1%, in other words, the size was stable.

And while he was telling her what we've been quoting He reconverted his Doubler back from a sports shirt to a regular shirt without her ever noting.



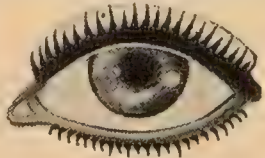
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as saying anything was making it up. I didn't say anything to anybody but these officials—and then only what I've told you.

"Well, they sent it then to Washington. The highest board in the country reviewed the case and decided I should be deferred. I got a nasty break in that connection when the newspapers carried headlines saying that the President had deferred me. That made it sound like he'd made a special exception in my case—that I'd been given a special favor. The President, of course, had nothing to do with the case. I don't flatter myself he ever heard of me, except in passing, maybe, as a ballplayer.

"I was afraid I was in for it, but I knew the case had been decided on its merits, that no strings had been pulled, and that I had nothing to apologize for."

"How about the stories that the ball club did some string-pulling in Washington?" I asked him.

"They're ridiculous," he said, "and I'll tell you how ridiculous. Joe Cronin, Eddie Collins, and Tom Yawkey all talked to me on the telephone at one time or another when the heat first really came on. They all practically advised me to enlist. They said I'd make a hero of myself. They said people were talking and the Boston papers were full of it. But I figured this was my personal business and I'd handle it my own way. What kind of hero would I be if I ran into the army to get away from a squawk or two from people who were squawking by guesswork? But that ought to answer your question about how many strings the ball club pulled."

★ ALL this talk had been going on while the Red Sox were at batting practice. Williams was eying the hitting all the time he was talking. "Wait a minute, will you? I want to hit a couple off this guy."

"This guy" was Lefty Chase, last year with Washington and a pitcher, along with Cleveland's Al Milnar, who always gave Williams trouble.

The bat rang like a shot three times in succession. Three long white parabolic arcs were etched against the blue sky. Their ends were lost in the distance.

"Thought you couldn't hit that guy," old Hugh Duffy croaked as Williams came back to the interview, swinging his whiffletree.

"He's on my side now," Williams grinned. "That makes it easier."

But something about slugging that ball gave him a new belligerence when he started to talk again.

"I don't see why I should get all this"—his voice had something of a band-saw bite in it now—"just because I'm Ted Williams. That Colonel Nelson said, 'Your case is an exception.' I got the same thing when I went up there to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station to see Mickey Cochrane. He took me around all over the place—that's when Yawkey and Collins and Cronin and the newspapers were practically ordering me to enlist—and

finally he took me in to see the guy who accepted enlistments.

"Can I, I said to the guy, 'enlist now and report for duty October 1?'"

"No," said he. "We haven't any way of making a deal such as that."

"Why haven't you?" said I. "You made one exactly like it for the whole Minnesota football team. I see in the papers where you made one like it for a lot of Harvard athletes. What do you call it, Class J or something?"

"Oh, that's different," he said.

"Why and where is it different?" I asked him. "An American's an American, isn't he? And an athlete's an athlete. It happens I'm a professional athlete trying to support a sick mother, while they're a lot of lucky guys living off scholarships and their folks. Maybe I mean more, if you come right down to it, and rate more. At least I pay taxes on my dough."



BY REAMER KELLER

Why can't I get one of those deals and we'll get this business over with?"

"And do you know what he said? He gave it to me again. 'Oh, your case is an exception,' he said."

"Why have I always got to be 'an exception'? There are no exceptions out there when the shooting starts, are there?"

"Then I take it from that," I said, "that you expect to enlist as soon as the baseball season is over?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do," he said. "I don't want to commit myself to anything. I'm where, no matter what I say, somebody's going to try to drag it up and make something of it. If I say one thing and do something else, then they'll say I went back on my promise."

"But you were quoted as saying all you wanted was one more year of baseball and you'd enlist," I insisted.

"I was quoted as saying lots of things," he replied, "when, as a matter of fact, I didn't say anything. I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't know how much of this I can take if they really start to ride me. All I know is that if I go now, I'll lose everything I've made out of baseball. I've got three annuities. They're for \$6,000,

and the arrangement is that I'm to pay on them for three years, or I lose what I've put in them. That's the only personal thing I'd like to take care of.

"The principal thing, however, is my mother and her health and comfort. She has no other possible source of support. She worked hard for me, and now that she's older and sick and in need of expert surgical attention, I can't think of her being taken to some charity ward. I sent my mother \$7,000 last year and I have the cashed checks to prove it. Most of it went for debts and hospital bills.

"I know \$30,000 is a lot of money, but I haven't earned that yet. Last year was the first year I got into the edge of the real money. The year before, I got a fair shake, for a kid. The rest was peanuts. I don't need much myself. I'm not married. I don't drink or smoke. I don't go for night clubs. I know a girl or two, but I don't go with any steady, nor any that I can spend any money on, except maybe a ticket to a show now and then.

"I've sent my money home, but it's gone mostly for debts, doctors' bills, and trouble of one sort or another. That's the whole story—the true story—and I can't see why, if it's good enough for the government, it isn't good enough for anybody else.

★ "I DON'T see why I'm not entitled to the same treatment as anybody else. That's what's funny about all this, if there's anything funny in a tough situation. I claim I ought to have the same treatment as anybody else.

"I'm not afraid of service. I'm as loyal and as anxious to see the Japs and Germans whipped as any other American. I'm Ted Williams the ball-player, but I'm likewise Ted Williams the American citizen, and entitled under the law to the same privileges and considerations of any American citizen in any other line of business.

"That's all I want or expect. When the government calls me, I'll naturally go. If the call is delayed long enough, I hope to get my personal affairs in better shape in the meantime. That's exactly the case with thousands of other young fellows in my status all over the country. I hope and pray the public will consider me just another loyal young American working at his trade until his number comes up. If it starts to crucify me, I'll take it if I can, firm in the belief that I did the normal thing in the way prescribed by the law, and solaced by the thought that I went as far as I could for the one person who went the whole way for me—my mother."

THE END

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to last

week's

crossword

puzzle

Just THE KISS OF THE HOPS



IN BROWN
BOTTLES,
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ON DRAUGHT

You don't have to drink a bitter beer. Schlitz methods of brewing control capture just the *kiss* of the hops, not their harsh bitterness. That's one reason for that famous flavor found only in America's most distinguished beer. Taste Schlitz and you'll never want to go back to a bitter beer.



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America's Most Distinguished Beer

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



"Come on, come on," Jimmy said,
as the first fat drops of rain began
to fall. "We're going to get wet."

Charles R. Minslow



ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 24 SECONDS

★ ON a bird survey of the Aleutians for the United States government, Dr. Macauley found a great deal of suspicion and intrigue were fermenting among the strangely assorted humans of that lonely region. Game warden Huneker was more than worried about the unaccountable dwindling of the valuable sea-otter herds, and baffled by the tie-up between Brand Connor, a moody, taciturn trader, and Maluk, an unctuous and sinister Asiatic storekeeper who had been caught in several shady deals.

During his first night on Uliak Island, while paying his respects to Eden, the bride of his friend Jimmy Trane, who was on patrol of these northern American waters, Dr. Macauley and the young wife witnessed an attempt on Brand Connor's life by his mate, Lozier. Except for Eden's startling scream, Lozier might have fatally stabbed his boss in the back. Instead, Connor gave his mate a horrible beating.

This incident had a deep effect on Brand and Eden. She felt she hated him for his brutality, yet was fascinated by the man. He worshiped her with his eyes and voice. At a dinner party given by merchant Maluk their powerful attraction for each other was painfully apparent. It disturbed Dr. Macauley, for Jimmy and Eden had been married less than a year.

Another happening at the dinner party worried the staid ornithologist: He had been highly curious about an ancient carved ivory spoon, but when he wanted to examine it more closely, later on in the evening, it had vanished.

PART THREE— ACCIDENT OR MURDER?

★ I HAVE little recollection of that dinner. Something was in the air, I was sure; though what it was I could not surmise. Brand, across the table from me, kept looking at Eden. He ate little and said less. I

stole an occasional glance at Jimmy, but he appeared amiably unaware of any tension. Eden herself was making a gallant effort to be inconsequential. I could hear her soft lovely laugh now and then, a descending scale of golden notes above the murmur of small talk about her.

Maluk leaned toward Jimmy, during a lull. "You are just back from the westward, lieutenant. How do things look out there?"

"You mean, in the way of . . ."

"Possible trouble," Maluk supplied. "Are we ready, in case anything happens?"

"We're coming," Jimmy said slowly. "It's a big job, but . . . we're coming."

"Do you actually anticipate an emergency, lieutenant?"

"The Aleutians are always vulnerable," Jimmy hedged. "Alaska would be a natural steppingstone for any enemy invasion. And with air bases in Asia so near the United States . . ."

"But this base we are putting in here at Uliak could withstand such an attack," Maluk protested. "I understand when completed it will accommodate both submarines and surface craft, as well as a patrol plane squadron."

Jimmy hesitated. "We're making it as tough for them as we can."

"And our harbor defenses . . . surely there will be adequate anti-aircraft and shore batteries and the like. I understand we are placing guns on Uliak Mountain . . ." His lowered intonation made it seem less like a question.

"You realize," Jimmy apologized, "that the navy's plans are necessarily secret . . . but at least," he added, "you can be assured we are getting things in shape as fast as we can."

"Any help we can give you," Maluk offered. "Your charts, for instance."

Brand Connor looked up, startled. "Oh, Mr. Connor's been of invaluable help to us in that," Jimmy smiled. "He's shown us bays and channels that aren't on any government map."

"I am sure"—Maluk beamed across

the table—"that Mr. Connor will continue to do everything he can."

Brand seemed to hesitate. His eyes went to Eden, and then he looked direct at Maluk for a moment. "I'm sorry," he said at last in a low voice; "but, as a matter of fact, I won't be able to do much more. I—I'm leaving, you see."

Maluk said politely: "Oh? For a trip?"

"For good," said Brand.

"Oh?" said Maluk. His eyes were opaque bloodstones, but his pleasant smile never wavered. "A personal matter, Mr. Connor?"

"In a way."

"But I'm distressed. Who will take over your activities here?"

"There'll always be somebody."

"I'm so distressed, Mr. Connor. Really I am. I don't see how we are going to spare you from the islands."

"I appreciate your interest," said Brand evenly.

"We simply cannot let you leave, Mr. Connor. Perhaps something might influence you to change your mind."

I was beginning to get the impression, as they talked, that they were playing some elaborate game of which I did not know the rules.

"Think of the work you have been doing with the natives, Mr. Connor," Maluk persisted. "Think of the wonderful progress you have made!"

"It'll go on without me," said Brand.

Maluk's eyes were still a dull green. "Such interesting work." Abruptly he turned to Eden, on his right. "You must get Mr. Connor to tell you about his work, Mrs. Trane."

Eden leaned forward courteously, her eyes going to Brand. His hand tightened on the table, and I could feel the unseen advantage shift to Maluk.

"It's—nothing," Brand said to Eden. "Just some co-operative work. Teaching the natives to help themselves."

Maluk smiled; and suddenly I realized that, in some fashion, the game was over.

Brand was not looking at Eden. His dark lashes hid his eyes. He was staring fixedly at his plate.

The doorbell pealed just then, and Tatiana appeared a moment later and nodded to Maluk. He excused himself.

Almost immediately he returned, beckoning to me. "Some one to see you, Doctor."

The mate of the Tyee stood in the outer vestibule, hat in hand. "Captain Hansen wants you should come back right away, sir. Something important."

"I'm afraid," I said to Maluk, "you'll have to excuse me."

"Must you go, Doctor?" Maluk mourned, patting his hands. "I'm so sorry." For some reason, I could not feel that he was particularly surprised.

★ CAPTAIN HANSEN was waiting for me on the deck of the Tyee. His lean face was graver, more skull-like than ever. "Doctor, I thought I'd better call you at once." He indicated an aged Aleut beside him. "This is Ben Hudakov. I've known him for years; I know he is honest. He has just come back"—he paused—"from Seven Devils Island."

I could feel a sudden tightening sensation in my stomach.

"Tell him what you saw there, Ben."

"It is in pass between Semichortovoi and Uvalga," the native explained, making quick graceful gestures with his gnarled hand. "It is small boat from the Tyee. It is floating upside down."

I thought of Wilcox, and automatically I heard myself saying, just as I had said to Hunecker once: "But it might have been an accident—"

Captain Hansen shook his head. "Tell him what else you saw, Ben."

"I land on Semichortovoi," the native said. "I do not want to land—it is not good for Aleut to land there—but I must empty boat. So I land on beach."

"What did you find?" Captain Hansen prompted.

The native extended his left hand. "This."

Hunecker's bloodstained spectacles lay opened on his hand. Both lenses were broken; only a few bits of glass clung to the wire edges. The rims, empty and staring, seemed to scowl at me in stubborn vindication.

★ THE jagged shore line of Seven Devils made any approach hazardous. Half-submerged boulders, tumbled down to the water's edge by

the volcanic upheaval which had given the island its name, seethed with white breakers. The smooth kelp that covered them was slick as oil and it was difficult to gain a footing as we landed the dory. Along the base of the lava crest that ringed the island, a rookery of tawny sea lions wallowed and complained in the surf. The purple-colored sand smelled sulphurous, and a little way down the shore a fumarole sent a steady jet of steam against the gray sky.

"Hell of a hole," grumbled Marshal Ventner. "Not much use of prowling around here."

Even Ventner seemed to feel the oppressive loneliness of the place. His investigation was cursory. We had set out in the Tyee last night, as soon as we learned of the accident, taking with us the aged native who had found Hunecker's capsized dinghy. Though only over his most vigorous protests. Indeed, he had refused to set foot on the island again. "Not good for Aleut," he had pleaded, his eyes rolling in terror. "Many devils there." And he had remained instead aboard the Tyee, directing us by shouts and gestures to the spot on the beach where he had found the broken spectacles.

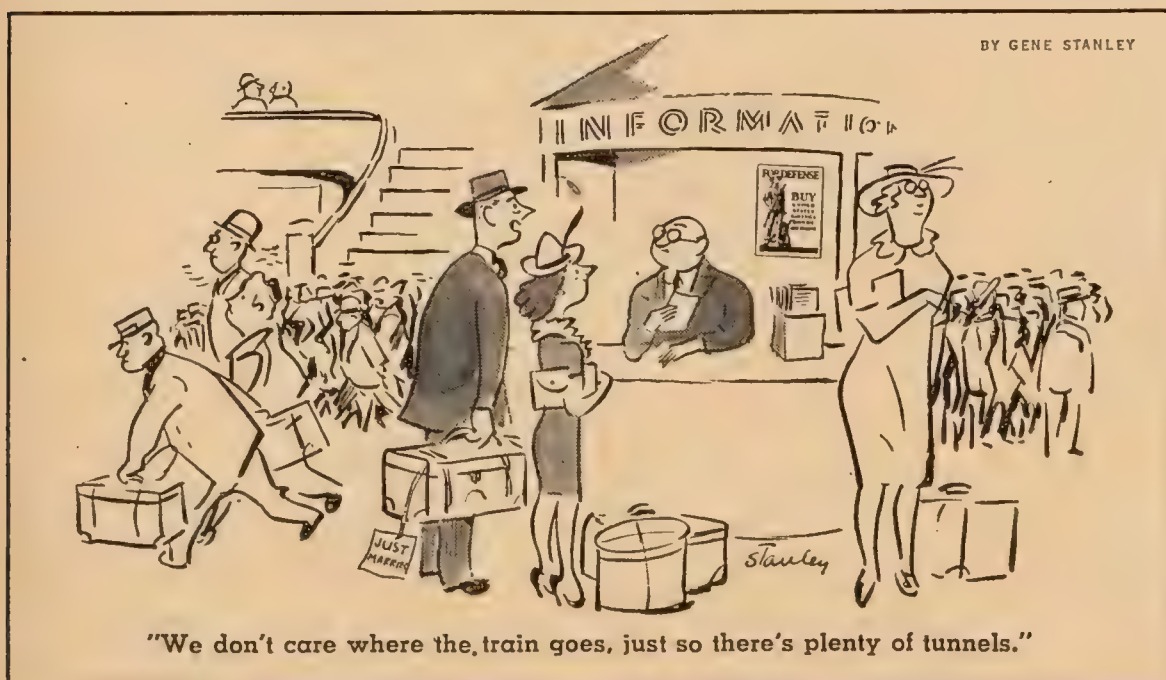
"Pretty plain what happened, Doctor," Ventner said. He had a surly way of speaking, and he did not look me directly in the eyes. "This is a bad beach to land on, especially if there's a surf running. He hit one of them hidden rocks and upset, is all."

"How about the spectacles?" I had a feeling that Ventner was trying, for some reason, to get his job over quickly.

"Fell and banged his head, most likely. That's how it happened," positively. "Not much chance of ever finding his body, I'm afraid. It's a big ocean."

It seemed a logical explanation. And yet, I did not feel quite satisfied. Something in Ventner's manner made me uneasy. I recalled, disquietingly, that I had seen him several times in Maluk's company. The thing somehow did not ring true. Hunecker was an old sourdough in these parts, an experienced boatman and a strong swimmer; it was hard to believe that he would upset his dory and be dashed to pieces helplessly on the rocks. Moreover, there had been no heavy sea that day. I could not get out of my mind the melodramatic phrase—I did not laugh at it now—which he had used when he discovered the dead sea otter on Uvalga. "Now I got an idea what's the secret of Seven Devils." . . .

Late that night, as the Tyee bounced and creaked back toward Uliak, I sat at the green-topped bridge table in my cabin, entering the day's ornithological report in my diary. A thousand unrelated questions were running through my mind. What was the connection between Brand and Maluk, for instance? What was the job that Brand had tried to quit? Why, if there were actually any smuggling going on—as Hunecker had evidently suspected—was he willing to turn over



his private charts and maps to the navy? Why—a final item that lingered in my mind—had the carved ivory spoon in Maluk's living room been spirited away before I could get a second look?

Huneker's own suspicions were of no help now. He had suspected every one—Brand, Maluk, the mate Lozier, the district nurse Wallie, Ventner—myself, for all I knew—and his clues, by their very profusion, canceled each other out. Which of his suspects had he finally discovered to be the right one? What had he learned at last—at the cost of his life—was the secret of Seven Devils Island?

★ AS a matter of fact, I stumbled inadvertently upon another bit of the puzzle the following afternoon; though at the moment I was too engrossed in my scientific researches to appreciate its full significance. In fact, my diary for that day contains only one terse item: "Tuesday, July 1. Uliak. Obtained specimen of Rock Ptarmigan near village." Yet that ptarmigan, had I but known, pointed as accurately as a cock on a weather vane to the heart of the mystery.

My quarry—a Turner's ptarmigan, *Lagopus rupestris atkhensis*, the first I had taken on Uliak Island—had led me a merry chase through the rolling hills behind the village before I bagged it at last; and on my way back, breathless but triumphant, I took a short cut.

I had just rounded the corner of the largest building—I guessed by its size that it might be Maluk's general store—when I was arrested by a snatch of conversation, low and intent. I halted tardily, aware all at once of what I had heard: "... what happened to Huneker."

I flattened myself against the wall of the building, listening. The voice had emerged from an open window directly above my head. I could not place the speaker, though I knew I had heard him before, but there was no mistaking the smooth discreet tones that answered him. I could almost see Maluk's fat hands patting together as he folded his sentence over neatly. "I am afraid," courteously, "I do not quite know what you are getting at, please."

"All right. I'll tell you, chief." The first voice, despite its belligerence, had a note of grudging deference. "I know what's going on here ..."

"Oh?" politely.

"I want to get in on it"—the voice had a trace of a whine—"the same as, for instance, Brand Connor."

Suddenly Maluk began to laugh—a soft, mewling sound—and he mumbled something inaudible.

"Maybe I am," the other voice acknowledged sullenly. "Why wouldn't I be jealous? I was here before him. I been loyal to you, ain't I, chief?" Maluk's laugh seemed to taunt him. "For that matter, how are you so sure about him being loyal," spitefully, "the way he's playing around with Lieutenant Trane's wife?"

Maluk's laugh ceased abruptly.

Are YOU the type who mixes well?



The Face of a Sociable Fellow

Eyelids etched with lines of merriment. Mouth, large—easily given to laughter ... This type serves friends "double-rich" Cream of Kentucky, made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers

Then meet another "good mixer"

Cream of Kentucky

the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbons



If you're the congenial type with a host of friends, you'll be the kind of host who serves Cream of Kentucky and so gives his friends a "double-rich" treat... Remember, the password between "good mixers" is "make mine Cream!"



Ahead of us, the framework of the barracks was already a single sheet of flame.

"I know about that. It's all right."

"I always done everything you asked me, chief; you know that." The speaker's cringing manner was suddenly reminiscent. "I never said anything to anybody. Why, if I was to ever say anything to anybody about, for instance, what I know—"

There was a little pause. "That would be regrettable," Maluk purred. "That would be very regrettable indeed."

"All I want is just to get in on this thing too, on account of my being so loyal and not mentioning anything to anybody at all."

In my curiosity, I straightened and lifted my head. Maluk's back was toward me. Lozier, hat in hand, was standing opposite him, facing the window. Too late, I realized that he saw me. His voice halted and his eyes widened in surprised recognition. I ducked again and, cursing my clumsiness, began to walk rapidly down the alley with what aplomb I could muster.

★ THE vague inferences of the conversation I had overheard, even the mention of Hunecker's name—which of course could have been accidental—did not disturb me so much as the single direct reference to Eden Trane. I suppose that my liking for Brand—for, perversely, my liking for him seemed to increase in proportion to my doubts about him—had blinded me to what was happening. I had tried, ever since the episode on the pier, to blink the obvious attraction that existed between Brand and Eden. Now Lozier's accusation had opened my eyes rudely. The thing had happened, deny it as I might.

Wallie sized it up bluntly. "You could tell it was going to happen, Doc," she shrugged. "You could tell right off when he saw her."

I hesitated. So far I had not dared express my own thoughts, even to myself, and her straightforward honesty caught me a little off guard. "Love at first sight, you mean?"

"Oh, no. Before that. Long before that. He was in love with her before he ever knew she existed." She took a deep drag on her cigarette, lifting her shoulders so that her breasts firmed under her sweater, and tucking in her chin as she sucked the smoke down deep. She let it curl out through her parted lips for a moment before she exhaled it in an abrupt cloud.

"He was in love with what she stands for. Background," she elucidated. "Breeding, and money, of course, and some perfume he smelled once, and probably a rich little girl who snubbed him way back in kindergarten, and the society pages of the newspapers—"

She placed her forefinger against the ball of her thumb and snapped the cigarette butt accurately in a straight line, and grinned at me.

"Men in love are snobs. They always love above them."

At least, there was no self-pity in her grin. She was too honest with herself for that. She had no patience with self-pity; she accepted the breaks as they came, without complaint, without gratitude. Wallie—her name was Helen Wallace, but no one called her that—was always cheerful on the occasions when I encountered her making her rounds as district nurse, striding down a cobbled beach with knapsack slung over a shoulder, or crawling on hands and knees through the doorway of a foul-smelling native barabara, the collar of her mackinaw turned up, her hobnailed boots caked with mud, her fine gold hair tied back as usual with a blue bandanna. Brusque, efficient, hard; frank.

"He's not in love with her, Doc. He's in love with his idea of her. Still, maybe that's the same thing, though."

"But if something could be done before—"

"There isn't anything," she said. "When a man falls in love with his own idea, there isn't a thing in the world you can do except"—a drag on her cigarette—"wish him luck. And her, too."

She seemed to have no resentment—no regret even—though sometimes, when she looked at Eden Trane, the corners of her mouth turned down just a little. Eden puzzled me. I saw her frequently when Jimmy was busy—he was occupied much of the time checking the maps and charts which Brand had turned over to him—but she was as reticent as Wallie was frank. More than ever her sophisticated small talk seemed a protection, a gay mask. She was evidently in the grip of something beyond her control. Even when she talked to me about Jimmy, I felt she was doing it consciously, as though it were a duty.

"I suppose you've heard the news, Doc Mac."

"About what?"

"Jimmy's promotion. Or, really, it isn't a promotion, of course. He'll just be in charge of the base here for a month till Commander Struthers gets back from Seattle. But it sounds so impressive. Acting commandant—"

She would part her lovely lips to laugh, but the sound would be a moment late, as though in her preoccupation she had forgotten what she was laughing at; and I would see her eyes go past me down the street with a curious intent look. And then I would make out a familiar broad-shouldered figure lounging in the doorway of Maluk's store, grinning as we approached.

"Hello, Doc. How are you, Mrs. Trane?"

Brand's own manner had changed. There was more self-assurance in his grin, and his deep-set handsome eyes, moving intimately over Eden, were dark with rendezvous. Everything between them was unsaid. Eden acknowledged his greeting with just the proper degree of polite reserve; but I saw his eyes meet hers, querying, amused.

"Thought I'd run up tonight. Got some new charts to go over with the lieutenant."

"He'll be home," evenly. "He'll be glad to see you." She moved past him, continuing to me in a voice that was just a trifle too loud: "Naturally, I'm very proud of Jimmy . . ."

I wondered whether she was making a loyal effort to impress Brand, or whether she was trying to impress herself: as though, by assuring herself of her pride in Jimmy, she hoped to overcome some stronger force that was eating away, eating away steadily, like an undertow, at the crumbling sands of her resolve.

Brand and Jimmy were working more and more closely together. He was a frequent visitor now to the cottage on the hill behind the base, and often after supper he and Jimmy would adjourn to the office in the still unfinished headquarters building, spending long hours correcting the old charts, plotting new channels and harbors. Brand's exact knowledge of the local waters, gained through his experience as a trader, had been of inestimable value; and, since his information had invariably proved accurate, he had earned Jimmy's grateful confidence. He was well liked around the base: mingled with the

personnel, sat in on occasional poker games, was generally taken for granted. "He's saved us a full year at least. And that counts, Doc Mac, when you're working against time."

"You sound a little ominous," I said. Jimmy shrugged. "We started up here ten years late. We've got a lot of time to make up."

There had been a new burst of activity in the last day or two, I had noticed. For a couple of weeks work around the base had seemed to slow down. The carpenters had hammered aimlessly at cottages and sheds, the big concrete mixers had stood idle. But now everything had started all at once. The framework for the new barracks had sprung up mushroom-like overnight; foundations for the big power plant were being poured; yellow carryall tractors were 'dozing off the tundra for additional buildings. Jimmy, in shirt sleeves, indicated a sheaf of blueprints on his desk. "Finally arrived from Washington yesterday. That's what's been holding us up"—resentfully.

"Well, you can make up for lost time now."

"We've got to," he said grimly. "We go on full twenty-four-hour schedule after this week-end."

"That serious?" "You tell me. At least, these barracks will be framed in by Tuesday or Wednesday at the latest, and the mess hall and hospital buildings are all done but the inside finish. And the first of the new hangars should be ready by the end of next month, if nothing happens."

"They expect real trouble, then?" He patted a sheaf of typewritten papers at his elbow. "Judging by these confidential reports that just came in," he said, "they're not getting ready for any picnic." He dropped the papers in the top drawer of his desk. "Haven't even sent us a safe yet," he complained—and turned the key. "Well," pushing back his chair, "we'll be as ready as we can."

★ THE base was quiet as we emerged—it was Saturday night, and work had stopped for the week-end—and the studding of the incomplete barracks rose emptily against the sky. The smell of new wood was warm and sweet in the heavy atmosphere. There was more than a hint of rain in the air, and the lights of the town below us were a yellow blur in the haze. You could hear in the distance the rhythmic tinkle of music from the dance halls and bars, already filling with the Saturday-night crowds. Eden was waiting at the end of the line of barracks, dressed in tailored tweeds, smart and attractive as always. Jimmy tucked her arm affectionately in his.

"Why don't you come along with us, Doc Mac? We're just going to drop in on Dr. Remmer," he explained. "We promised the old codger we'd stop by, tonight, and look his museum over."

"Jimmy—" Eden hesitated; there was a restless look in her face.

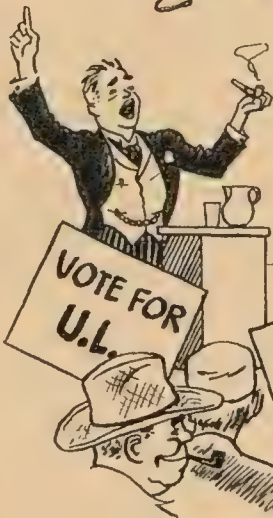
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"Couldn't we do something else to-night? Couldn't we—have fun?"

"But it would hurt his feelings, darling," said Jimmy, surprised, "after making the date a week ago. Besides," he laughed, "what else is there to do around here?"

"What else?" Eden's lips suddenly pressed together and she started down the hill in silence.

★ THE water-front street was jammed with workmen from the base, sailors, coastguardmen, loitering or drinking beer or strolling arm in arm with native girls. From the pool-rooms came laughter, an occasional surge of voices, an argument, a scuffle. We paused for a moment in the doorway of a dance hall, one of those inevitable growths that flourish in the rich soil of a military base.

"Balloon night at the Stork Club," said Eden. Her lips were parted in vicarious excitement.

"Come on, come on," Jimmy said, as the first fat drops of rain began to fall. "We're going to get wet."

But the pulse of music was still in the air, and the distant stamp of feet, like a jungle beat, penetrated the closed windows of the little museum, punctuating Dr. Remmer's tedious monologue: "... history of these islands. It is claimed that they were the original land bridge..." I saw Eden's eyes waver, and her polite smile became a grimace as the

doctor droned endlessly on: "... are not sure whether the original migration was from Asia to America, or whether instead the movement was northward from Central America to Alaska and thence westward... have found some prehistoric dolls in these diggings that resemble those unearthed in ancient Peru..."

His voice was slow, meticulous, almost fussy. There was a musty air about him. His very skin was dry and withered like that of a mummy, and his close-cropped hair and the white stubble covering his cheeks gave the effect of fine dust that had settled all over him. He insisted on taking down each object from the shelves and explaining its history.

"These are ivory labrets. Formerly the women pierced their cheeks and stuck ornaments through the flesh. Steller says in his account of Bering's voyage in 1741..."

His pride in his museum was touching; but the actual collection, I was disappointed to note, was not impressive. The results were negligible, despite the time he had spent in the islands—he owned his own ship, I understood, and had been exploring around the old village sites for better than two years—and the few primitive artifacts and crude stone implements he had gathered were disarranged and poorly annotated.

I noticed even a couple of Latin names misspelled; but I did not wish

to offend him by mentioning it. His work was quite evidently his religion.

"Present times"—he shrugged—"what can they offer us? What excitement do they furnish in comparison with the great pageant of the past? Of what interest are modern wars and aggression?"

I began to notice another sound in the street behind the closed windows: the quickened hammer of heels along the wooden walk, people throwing open shutters, voices raised excitedly. I thought I made out the word "fire." Jimmy heard it, too. He looked up, startled.

"Pardon me, Dr. Remmer," he interrupted, "but there seems to be something going on outside."

Dr. Remmer looked annoyed. "The usual Saturday-night disturbance, probably."

"I'd better have a look."

Jimmy opened the door, and I saw him recoil. He gave a gasp, and then plunged down the steps and into the rain. Eden and I rushed to the door and stared after him. The street was full of hurrying men. They were pouring out of dance halls and poolrooms, struggling into their coats as they ran, yelling to each other. Beyond the line of stores, in the direction of the base, the sky was swiftly reddening.

We started running up the hill with the crowd.

★ IT was a great show while it lasted. Ahead of us, the framework of the barracks was already a single sheet of flame. It flapped loosely in the wind created by its own intense heat, a defiant red banner against the sky. The roadside puddles glowed with the reflection as we panted up the hill, and the slanting rain in our faces was the color of blood.

Eden was saying, "But how could it possibly start, Doc Mac, with everybody away? Unless—"

I did not answer. For one thing, the roar of the fire was too loud. Now and then the full force of the stream of water would strike a concrete abutment with a tearing sound like canvas. A spurt of dead embers would be blown into the air, and for a moment the white spray would be flecked with particles of black.

"Stand back," somebody yelled. "Back—"

A section of blazing studding broke and fell into a near-by puddle with a splash and a brief expiring hiss. The fire, taking new life as the barracks sagged and fell in, was spreading to the adjoining mess hall and the unfinished hospital building. You could hear the rain hissing against the overheated walls. A mess-room table had been set on end in the street, directly in front of the fire, and a hole had been chopped in the center with a fire ax. A file of men in black slickers charged forward with the hose and crouched behind this improvised breastworks, trying to thread the stream of water through the opening. The cool spray kicked back into their blistered faces for a moment. Then the stream found the hole and poured



"Chief, remember that dud bomb that landed near the zoo?"

through it onto the blaze. The water moved back and forth, back and forth across the flames, painting out the fire with broad leisurely strokes.

"Back. Stand back!"

I tried to light a cigarette for Eden, and a cascade of water from the brim of my hat extinguished it. I flung the soggy cigarette away. It was irritating; I remember thinking, that I could not make even a cigarette go, whereas the building across the way seemed to burn all the more fiercely as the downpour increased. The rain ran tepid down our necks; our clothes steamed in the reflected heat. Eden backed a step, and looked around anxiously.

"Doc Mac, do you suppose Jimmy—"

☆ I REALIZED what was in her mind; I had just had the same thought. We turned and stared at the administration building, beyond the now blazing mess hall. Through a window we could see a light flickering on and off. Eden gasped.

"It's caught already!"

At that moment the light was extinguished. "That's not a fire," I said. And we both began running past the shouting firemen, clambering over the rigid lengths of swollen hose.

The heat was unbelievably intense. I could feel it grip the side of my face toward the fire like a steel gauntlet. We ran together up the steps of the administration building, and I reached out to open the door. My heart sank. The door was already ajar.

The smoke inside the building was a thick pall, acrid and choking. We had to feel our way down the corridor toward Jimmy's office. The fumes were blinding, and the tears streamed down my face. I heard Eden gasping and coughing beside me. The air was growing hotter. At the end of the corridor a window glowed orange-red as the flames across the court began licking against the glass. We quickened our steps, panic-stricken. Eden, a step ahead of me, stumbled over something and lost her balance, falling onto her knees with a little cry. At that instant the glass of the window exploded inward with a sharp crack, and a bright tongue of flame lit up the smoke-filled corridor.

Eden was saying over and over, in a low odd voice: "Jimmy, Jimmy..."

He was sprawled on the floor, face downward, one hand outstretched toward the closed door of his office. The back of his head was sticky, and his cheek, as we turned him over, was running with blood. Eden, moaning, lifted his head into her lap. I bent over him.

"... top drawer of the desk," he told me vaguely, "before they..."

Did the same hands that set the fire—if it was sabotage—also try to murder Jimmy Trane? Whose hands were they that wanted the confidential reports of the United States government? Secret enemies on the Aleutian Islands have struck their opening blow, and next week's *Liberty* will reveal more of the sinister plot.

APRIL 25, 1942



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THIS MAN'S WAR

BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

★ MAY I blow off steam in your columns? Incidentally, the "steam" also comes from a number of other men at this base.

We were sent to an airplane mechanics school, where we studied hard and passed with good marks. We figured that the Army was spending close to \$1,000 per man on our training and it was up to us to show our appreciation by doing our best.

What happened when we returned to our squadrons? Kitchen police for some and guard duty for most of us. I've been out of the school now over a month, and still no airplane mechanic's work in sight. If we're not needed at one base, why aren't we transferred to a base where we are needed? What's wrong with the system? It's all very discouraging.

A. D. S., Morrison Field,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

That's an honest letter and I can't blame you for complaining because your special training is not being used as you feel it should be. But, with the terrific expansion of the Army and the increased administrative problems, some errors of omission and commission both are to be expected—and the Army can make mistakes, like any body of men.

A friend in service left Camp — some weeks ago for an unknown destination. What I would like to know is, will he be permitted to write letters? I've heard a lot of rumors, but I'm paying no attention to them.

E. M. H., Methuen, Mass.

Sure he'll be permitted to write. His letters will be censored if he's on foreign service, and wartime conditions may make mail service slow and sometimes uncertain, but you'll get letters from him eventually. Be patient.

Can you tell me why there is never a "J" Company in the U. S. Army? I have often asked this question but have never received a straight answer.

W. J. W., Camp Crowder, Mo.

I'm not sure that there is any "straight answer," but I've heard two explanations. (1) The letters I and J are so similar in appearance that confusion would result if both were used as company designations. That's borne out by the fact that there's no J Street in



Ready for their first navigation flight at Randolph Field, Texas.

Washington, although there is an I Street, just as there are I companies. (2) This one is funnier but less plausible. A jay in early American slang meant a stupid, gullible, or gawky person, and no soldier wanted to be a member of a Jay Company, with all that the letter J implied. Take your choice . . . or offer a better one.

If I go home on pass, can I wear civies or must I stay in uniform at all times? There seem to be conflicting orders out, and plenty of arguments because of them. What's the answer? Pvt. J. B. D., Westover Field, Mass.

The wartime regulation is that both officers and enlisted men wear uniforms at all times when out of the house or quarters, except when dressed for exercise or in the home with no more than two guests present. Incidentally, this order is now standard for the members of all the armed forces.

Can you answer this one, Sarge? How big a Navy, how big an Army, and how big an Air Force does the United States plan on maintaining after we lick the Axis? This is a vital question and concerns many of the men in the Service now, a large percentage of whom have found the Army greatly to their liking and plan to make it a career. What lies ahead for them?

Sgt. R. L. B., Victorville, Calif.

That's too big a question for an Old Sarge to answer at this time. I can only repeat what our leaders have said: when we've won this war we'll have to keep it won, so that it never can happen again. Which

means a military establishment of such size that I imagine there'll be plenty of work for all the career men.

MILITARY MISCELLANY

☐ Enlisted men of the Army, regardless of their grade, may now marry without the consent of their commanding officers.

☐ Soldiers and officers are again required to exchange salutes even when off duty and off post. This suspends the 1940 modification of the old-time rule which made off-post salutes optional instead of mandatory.

☐ Every combat-zone soldier will have a packet of a dozen sulfanilamide tablets to minimize the danger of infection from wounds.

☐ No more khaki-colored or black neckties for the Army. A new brown-tan tie has been adopted to replace the two standard types now being worn.

☐ The Good Conduct Medal is expected to be ready for issuance soon, but applications will not be accepted until then.

☐ The Army does not grant discharges to permit men to enlist in the Navy; only to accept Navy commissions.

☐ Married men may now enlist in the Army, provided they furnish an affidavit that their dependents have other means of support.

☐ To expedite delivery of mail to soldiers in the field, the War Department proposes to photograph letters on microfilm, fly the film to or from a base, and deliver enlarged photostatic copies of the original letters made from the film.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ LIKE it or lump it, we're going to do a lot more walking in the rain. Deprived of the protection of our cars, we'll have to walk to the bus stop and stand there and wait for the bus, rain or shine. So for comfort—and health—we had better provide ourselves with some good rainwear.

The coat that Fred (Rain-in-the-Face) Waring has on is a good bet for several reasons.

It is the conventional fly-front raglan which has stood the test of use through the years. The raglan shoulders make it easy to slip into. It buttons right up to the neck. The slash pockets don't admit rain, and they have inside slashes that allow you to get at your suit pockets without opening the coat. But, most important, Waring's coat is long enough to protect his knees and wide enough to shed water away from his trouser cuffs. (Those extra short raincoats are not efficient and look like hell anyway.)

Waring's coat has a wartime point: It can do double duty as a topcoat because it is made of lightweight firmly woven showerproofed worsted. Men's shops all over the country still have coats of this general type made of long-wearing worsted gabardine.

As to the umbrella, it seems to me that our schoolboy tradition against

RAIN IN THE FACE

umbrellas should be abolished for the duration. The best hat is not improved by a good soaking; and in these times of conservation, I think that deflection should be the better part of vanity.

The tough two-faced fabric used for those shiny football pants and for the uniforms of our parachute troops is now being made into raincoats and golf jackets—and high time, say I.

For these, the shiny side of the rayon-and-cotton twill is used as a lining and the dull side faces out. Windproof, showerproof, snagproof, it should stand years of hacking around. It's made in trench coats as well as raglans.

Rainpants may become a familiar sight on our streets. Certainly bicyclists will use them as they do in England. So will air-raid wardens.

The most practical are those that pull on over regular trousers. A famous maker of ski jackets has produced some of fine cotton poplin, proofed by a special process that is not damaged by washing or dry cleaning. The bottoms have an ingenious tab-and-but-



Fred Waring in that good-bet raincoat of his.

ton arrangement that lets you tighten them some, or makes them really snug around your ankles so that they won't catch in the chain of your bike.

The short jacket that goes with these pants has a new kind of lining—thin, flexible, transparent plastic fused on rayon mesh—which makes it waterproof, not just showerproof, without the use of rubber. Expect to see a lot more of this now that rubber is so scarce.

Well-groomed men say here's a scoop:
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COMMODORE PERRY

THE COMMODORE KNEW HIS JAPS

BY FILLMORE HYDE

They hated us and were terrorists in 1853 and for centuries before . . . Why did we deceive ourselves about them?

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ "THE man who gave Japan to the world" in 1853 was never deceived by the Japanese. Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, U. S. N., learned that they were completely ruthless and treacherous. He charged his country to "observe once and for all that spying and deceit pervade their entire polity."

Perhaps no other historic mission is as misunderstood by Americans as Perry's. The legend is that a childlike people rejected more from timidity than from antagonism every contact with Western civilization until Perry's patience and understanding, his assurance of peaceful intent, finally won their trust and friendship for America and the world.

The facts bear little relation to the legend. Perry was selected not because of a reputation for tact and diplomacy but because he stood for the prompt, fearless, timely use of force. Perry had four brothers in the navy, one of whom gave American history the immortal message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Heavy, grim-faced, he was a professional fighting man with no patience for fooling, on ship or on shore. He was captain of the first steam warship ever to fly the American flag. In 1843 he led a squadron against bootleg slavers off the coast of Africa. During the Mexican War the guns of his ships blasted an entrance for our troops in a furious two-day bombardment of Vera Cruz.

When Perry sailed for Japan he was fifty-nine, and about as gruff and uncompromising an old sea dog as the U. S. Navy could muster. The selection of such a man for the task was no accident. Perry's assignment was no good-neighbor visit. Japan was already known as a black sheep in the family of nations. Mariners had known for two centuries that the Japanese loathed foreigners. The Japanese islands had been a terror to

seafaring men. Sailors in distress, succored by immemorial tradition in other nations, found only brutality in Japan. They were maltreated, thrown into prison, or slain, their ships and cargoes seized. To be shipwrecked on a Japanese island was to disappear.

In 1831 a shipload of half-starved Japanese fishermen had been stranded at the mouth of the Columbia River. Americans cared for them, and fitted out a vessel to take them home. To show the peaceful purpose of the visit, the ship was unarmed. This proved a mistake. On arrival in Yedo (Tokyo) Bay, officials came aboard, discovered the vessel had no guns, went back to shore, opened up with their shore batteries, and drove her off.

In 1848 Commodore Biddle visited Japan with two American warships, seeking by friendly gestures to reach an understanding. Since the ship was armed, the Japanese confined themselves to threats; but the mission was rebuffed, Biddle was treated roughly, and he accomplished nothing. Meanwhile, when Americans were shipwrecked on Japanese shores, they were often mistreated.

Matthew Calbraith Perry had definite theories as to how he would handle the matter. He suspected that the one thing the Japanese would respect, then as now, was force, and he made that the basis of his plans. He persuaded President Fillmore to let him have four ships of the Far Eastern Squadron—a force to reckon with, in its day. The flotilla sailed from Hong Kong May 17, 1853, bearing a letter from the President to the Japanese Emperor requesting "friendship, commerce, supplies for vessels, and protection of shipwrecked people."

During the voyage Perry lectured his men on the Japanese character. He said they were to expect the Japanese to smile, bow, say one thing, do another. His orders were that every man was to be constantly on guard against treachery. Guns were to be







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manned at all times. No Japanese was to be allowed on board any American vessel without the Commodore's express permission. Thus, with powder dry, guns leveled, and every man alert, Perry's expedition sailed into Yedo Bay.

They were given a typical Japanese reception: a shore battery tossed them a few warning shots. Ignoring them, Perry took up a position from which he could let go a broadside on an instant's notice. His anchors were scarcely wet before swarms of small boats shot out from land, filled with armed men. An officer in the leading boat, waving his sword, attempted to board Perry's ship—and looked square into the muzzle of a loaded musket. Soon, all along the line of ships, Japs were trying to swarm aboard. Everywhere they faced gun muzzles.

After their first sortie the Japs backed away to think the matter over. This foreign devil was different from the others. Obviously, he meant business. They drew near again and inquired what was wanted. The officer "was given to understand," relates an eyewitness, "that he was rather too small pigeon for our Commodore to see, and that he must go back and send off their first-chop mandarin." The vice-governor of the district was then produced. Obviously too small-fry for Perry to see, he was received by a lieutenant, who made it clear that the American ships would not budge until the governor himself appeared. These negotiations, by the way, were carried on in Dutch; for the one contact the Japanese had retained with the West was through a

Dutch trading post maintained on an artificial island offshore.

Next day the governor came aboard, and again demanded that the American ships leave. He was told that if no proper functionary were appointed to receive the American President's letter, the ships would sail upstream and deliver it to the Emperor in person. The governor, visibly alarmed, then conceded that he might be able to get a ruling in four days. Perry allowed him three—and sent the U.S.S. Mississippi up the bay to make soundings. The effect was magical. Almost immediately the governor returned with word that two princes of the Empire would receive the letter. They would not come aboard, but would receive Perry ashore in a building specially erected for the purpose. And they would not speak to Perry, it was made plain—would merely be present. Perry decided to swallow this mild insult and accepted the terms.

On the appointed day Perry went ashore with a large escort of armed men. As soon as he landed, the boats drew off to deep water, and kept on the alert against treachery. The letter was delivered with due ceremony, and Perry sailed away, promising to return the following spring for his answer. This would give him time to reinforce his squadron. He knew that the more warships he could bring into Yedo Bay, the more favorable the Japanese reply would be.

The Japs made a frenzied attempt to organize for war. It was soon realized, however, that Perry could blast their medieval navy out of the water, and the effort was abandoned.



BY CHON DAY



Commodore Perry's first flotilla at anchor in Yedo Bay.

The following February Perry returned. This time he had ten ships. When told, once more, that negotiations at Yedo were impossible, he promptly moved his entire squadron into the inner bay, so near the capital that his men could hear the striking of the city bells. The Japanese then agreed to negotiate.

On shore the Americans set up a display of President Fillmore's presents to the Emperor. Among them were rifles, pistols, and ammunition, a small-gauge steam railway, and a telegraph system with about a mile of wire. The Japanese examined everything carefully, including the persons of the Americans. The buttons on their coats were counted, the length of their strides was measured. Spies followed their every movement. Perry's requests for a cessation of this nuisance were met with smiles and bows.

The Commodore was surprised at one thing: the Japs' clear understanding of complicated diplomatic terms—such as "most favored nation clause"—involved in the negotiations. He did not know they had the services of a spy who knew English, one Nakahama Manjuro. This man fifteen years before had been shipwrecked and picked up by an American whaler which took him to San Francisco. There he lived for a dozen years until, becoming homesick, he embarked on another American ship and had himself set ashore on the Japanese coast. The authorities, because he was spreading tales of the wonders he had seen in America, promptly clapped him into jail for life. But when Perry arrived they put him to work as a spy. Manjuro hid in a room next to the one in which the Americans held their conferences, listening closely. As a result, the Japs were always well informed in advance as to the meaning and portent of Perry's demands.

The negotiations proceeded through a maze of evasion, trickery, and about-facing that would have exasperated a much more patient man than Perry. The Japanese manner, he reported, is "schooled to cunning and deceit." High and low alike exhibited "systematic falsehood and duplicity." They were "as indirect and evasive as possible in regard to the simplest matter of fact." But in the end the dogged Commodore won his points. On March 31, 1854, the treaty was

signed. Its terms bound the Japanese to open two ports to American ships desiring trade or in need of provisions, and to take care of shipwrecked Americans in the manner usual in civilized countries. Shortly afterward the flotilla left Japan—"for which," a diarist of the voyage exclaimed, "thank God!"

On Perry's arrival home, America "discovered" Japan with a whoop of joy. American enterprise had opened this new country, and Americans were anxious to tell the world what a dandy job they had done. Perry's comments on the Japanese nature went unheeded. Americans preferred the tales of professional traveler-lecturers, who thrilled audiences with anecdotes of the delicate charm of the Japanese. Books on romantic Nippon became best sellers. Excited Ameri-

cans collected Japanese paintings and lacquer boxes. The cherry-blossom legend was in full swing.

With incredible speed the Japanese donned Western clothes and learned Western techniques. It was easy to believe that they were also acquiring Western ideals. But, only four years after Perry's departure, the Japanese Prime Minister restated the Empire's principles. The object of the Japanese government, he said, should be "to lay the foundation for securing supremacy over all nations."

Matthew Calbraith Perry died on March 4, 1858. As the first Occidental ever to deal successfully with the Japanese, his position in history is in the spotlight. His methods were not those of the good neighbor. They were based on a possession of superior force and a readiness to use it.

Whatever else the Japanese may be, we cannot accuse them of being inconsistent. Their program of aggression has never been hampered by anything but a shrewd appraisal of the chances of winning. Korea, Formosa, Manchuria, and China; Russia, Indo-China, and Pearl Harbor—all are mileposts in an ancient and clearly stated plan. The Japanese first threatened to invade Manila in 1592. They waited 350 years for their chance, and then, in 1942, they did it. The Japs have not deceived us; we have deceived ourselves, despite Commodore Perry's emphatic and prophetic warnings.

THE END



FIGHT? All I said was, "Hey, Bud, I'm lookin' for a LIGHT!"

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!
SO—for long car life—BE SURE YOU...
SOUND YOUR Z!

PENNZOIL

• More than 700 different brands are listed as "Pennsylvania oil." So when you want top-notch PennZoil motor oil and lubricants, it pays to avoid being misunderstood.

No doubt, you're already having your car serviced more regularly, and driving more thoughtfully. Neither of these measures, however, is fully effective without highest quality lubricants.

So, next time you need oil or lubricants, stop at the yellow PennZoil oval sign, and be sure you sound your "Z"!

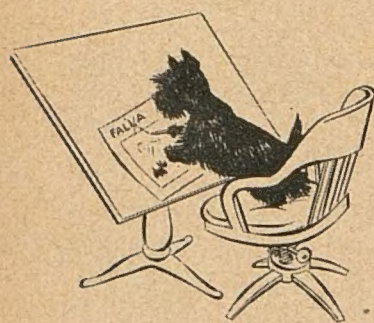


JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE NAME OF PORT MORESBY, Papua, New Guinea, brought memories to Liberty's older editors when that South Sea island town emerged into the war news as a focal point of Japanese attack. For years we used to have busy, friendly letters bearing that postmark, written by a gentle Irish lady who loved the region and had long lived there. Gentle she was—but she was also fearless: traveled alone in the unknown cannibal country of the islands, explored mysterious rivers, faced jungle dangers, and had a gorgeous time. In 1936 she wrote about it for Liberty, in a series called *A White Woman Among Cannibals*. "The nearest call I ever had to being eaten by a crocodile," she recorded, "occurred—of all places—in Port Moresby's fairly populous harbor, whither, one hot night, I had gone to seek for coolness on the lower steps of a boat jetty. . . ."

The lady was Beatrice Grimshaw, and her tales of the South Seas probably have been as numerous and popular as any ever written about that locale. She mailed them to us with hastily written letters, the manuscripts hurriedly typed and capriciously corrected in pencil or ink, the letters usually breaking off in the middle. Apparently her home in Port Moresby overlooked the harbor. She was forever seeing a steamer and hearing its last whistle for mail. Her letters almost invariably broke off with word of this, and an admonition about some change in the story she was sending—a change which she hadn't had time to make. . . . We have always thought of her, not as a doughty traveler, but as a lady eying a ship and hurrying. We wonder if the Japanese have wrecked her home.

SINCE HE HAS BEEN INHABITING this page, Fala has been considerably disturbed by letters from readers about the spelling of his name. When Mrs.



Roosevelt made it known that the name should have only one "i" we abandoned the superfluous one—but the letters kept coming. Fala therefore sat him down, wrote a note containing a thank-you and an explanation, and sent it, on the edge of this picture, to the most clamorous of the correspondents. If you wrote and didn't get a picture, please consider this a message

to you from him. We're right about the spelling now.

EDITORS FIND ALL KINDS OF FAULTS

with stories. One of ours, reading Gordon Ramsey's *A Lot to Learn* (page 30), complained that he got all mixed up in the "numbers racket"—didn't know what it is. No estimable citizen knows what it is, of course, but we made inquiries. It's all over the United States, and is sometimes called the policy game. Authorities have tried to clamp down on it without too much success. It is sometimes "honest"; often not. It works like this:

A big gambler, acting as "banker," agrees to pay off on a given sequence of numbers that will turn up at an agreed time as the result of an agreed event. The "number" may be almost anything that appeals to the public imagination—such as certain figures out of the betting totals at a race track, or certain figures out of the United States Treasury's currency report for each day. The

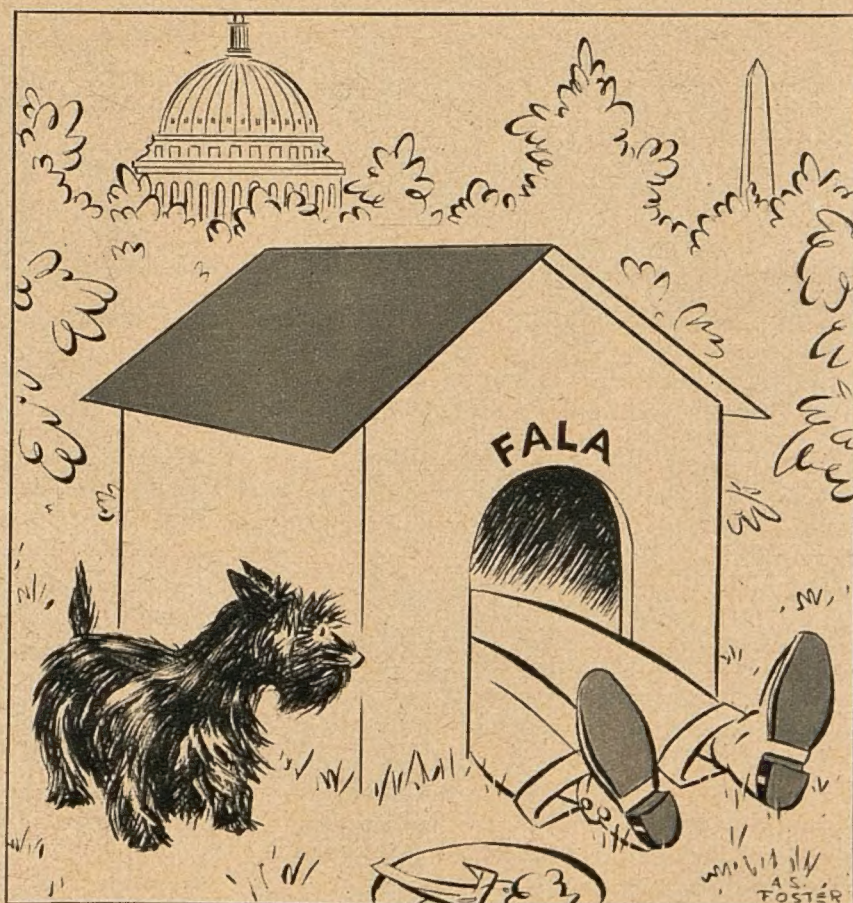
"banker" always gets a cut and always wins. Sometimes a few of the "players"—that is the suckers who throw their money away on strange hunches—either win or are "permitted" to win. That is all there is to it.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS' ARTICLE

on page 29 is the last one he wrote for us. He sailed away after that as a war pilot and was lost at sea. Says his agent: "The day before Ken left I said: 'I hope you come back, Ken.' He answered, smiling: 'Well, if I don't I'll look for Reagan over there and ask St. Peter if he'll let us dive-bomb hell—just for the hell of it.' Liberty Magazine was Ken's first and greatest love. . . . Fillmore Hyde's revealing and timely excursion into history, *The Commodore Knew His Japs* (page 62), has an interesting personal angle. The author's first name is a family one: his great-grandmother was a first cousin of President Fillmore—and it was President Fillmore who, in 1852, entrusted Commodore Perry with the letter to the ruler of Japan which the Commodore had such a time delivering when he arrived in 1853. . . . And speaking of authors, we'll tell you a secret. Roy Lopez, who wrote *The Song Is You* (page 14), isn't really a Lopez at all. He is the up-and-coming son of a famous father, Octavus Roy Cohen. Since he is following in the parental literary footsteps, he wants to make a name of his own, and is doing it. . . . If you see him, please don't mention having seen this.

The Editors

FALA



"The housing problem is getting more acute here in Washington."

★ ★ ★ ★ TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6 ★ ★ ★ ★

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin

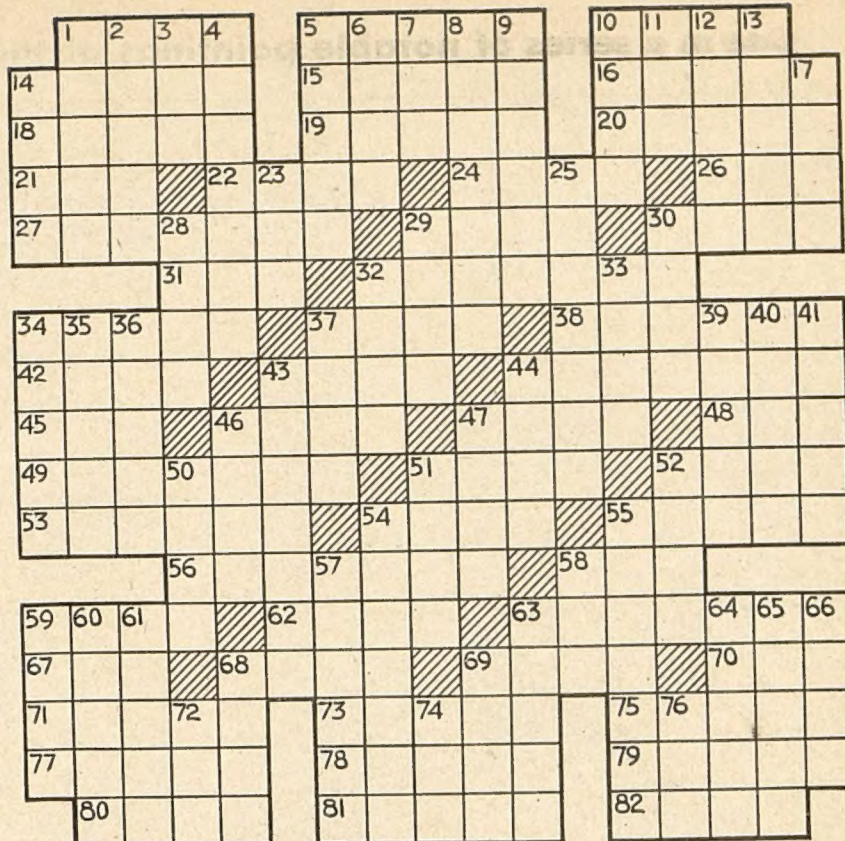
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Sharp cut
- 5 Cloth
- 10 High hill (pl.)
- 14 Quickly
- 15 Odor
- 16 Angry
- 18 Card game
- 19 Measure of weight
- 20 Molten glass
- 21 Poem
- 22 Word of ratification
- 24 Bare
- 26 Note in Guido's scale
- 27 Indicated
- 29 Consideration
- 30 Narrow valley
- 31 Procure
- 32 Momentous
- 34 Proofreader's term (pl.)
- 37 Roman god
- 38 Toughened
- 42 County in New York
- 43 Wisdom
- 44 Enliven
- 45 Human (pl.)
- 46 Part of a ship
- 47 Let it stand
- 48 Except
- 49 Large spotted wildcats
- 51 Proper
- 52 Constructed
- 53 Narrow band
- 54 Aluminum sulphate
- 55 Measuring device
- 56 Crystalline powder
- 58 Pronoun
- 59 Ballot
- 62 Mimicked
- 63 Bird

- 67 Beverage
- 68 Slender
- 69 Coin
- 70 Hail!
- 71 A mechanical force
- 73 Pertaining to knobs
- 75 Raves
- 77 Breathe stertorously
- 78 Growing out
- 79 On watch
- 80 Again
- 81 Exclude
- 82 Final

VERTICAL

- 1 Kind of china
- 2 Seized
- 3 Playing card
- 4 Scolds
- 5 Flavored
- 6 Persia
- 7 Neither
- 8 Flow out
- 9 Universe
- 10 Measure of duration
- 11 Metal in native state
- 12 Badgerlike animal
- 13 Old
- 14 Footless bird
- 17 Dash
- 23 Encountered
- 25 Described the properties of
- 28 Molding
- 29 Cavern
- 30 Downcast
- 32 Frontier trading post
- 33 One
- 34 Common people
- 35 Upright



- 36 Ocean-going ship
- 37 Chinese divinity
- 39 Clerical collar
- 40 Musical study
- 41 Prevent
- 43 Pertaining to the side
- 44 Particle
- 46 To be dull
- 47 Spiritual part of man
- 50 Animate
- 51 Happy
- 52 High tableland
- 54 Flower
- 55 Rock

- 57 Supposed
- 58 Thigh of a pig
- 59 Container (pl.)
- 60 Hawaiian cord
- 61 Carpenter's joint
- 63 Roofer
- 64 Pledges
- 65 Turn outward
- 66 Repose
- 68 Killed
- 69 Collection of facts
- 72 Part of to be
- 74 Salt-water flounder
- 76 Wing

For last week's answer please see index page.

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



**SURE YOU INHALE
—SO PLAY SAFE
with your throat!**

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you can avoid worry about throat irritation, even when you do inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

**SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS
AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—
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LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!**

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos — plus this exclusive proved protection!

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**FINER PLEASURE
PLUS
REAL PROTECTION!**

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artist.



A "stick" of tobacco ready for the market. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by James Chapin.

WE PAID 40%* MORE IN LAKE CITY, S. C., TO BRING YOU Milder, BETTER-TASTING TOBACCO!

MILLIONS of smokers like yourself know that a cigarette is only as good as the tobacco that's in it . . . and not one whit better.

That's why the makers of Luckies pay the price to get the milder, better-tasting leaf, all over the tobacco country.

Just as an example:—At the tobacco auctions in Lake City, S. C., this season, we paid 40% above the average market price. Yes, 40% more, so you could enjoy milder, better-tasting leaf in your Lucky Strike.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 markets last season. And the *best* we buy goes into Luckies.

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Common-sense says that in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Remember that...and next time you buy—act on it...ask for Luckies!



*Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1